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ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

THE English Government has been able to announce that it took an active part in the recent negotiations for the maintenance of peace in Europe, and that its intervention was favourably received by all parties. As no one really wished for war, it was equally easy and creditable to play the part of a peacemaker. But, although Lord DERBY had not a difficult task to fulfil, it was quite right that he should let it be known that England heartily desired the continuance of peace, and would regard with horror a new war about nothing. When our Continental neighbours have determined to fight we cannot pretend to stop them, and it is not very probable that any of the few contingencies in which we ourselves should wish to embark in a European war will arise. But, although the influence of England is necessarily limited, it exists, and it ought on fit occasions to be used. The sources of this influence are of a complex and somewhat obscure character. England is powerful, although even for Englishmen it is hard to say what is the exact kind and extent of our power. The vast commercial interests of the Continent are naturally alarmed at the prospect of war; and England, which is still at the head of European commerce, can speak more effectually than any other Power as the representative of the millions who want to earn their bread by trade. Then, again, England is becoming more and more the leader of those small independent nations which live in fear of their powerful neighbours; and Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, who are vitally interested in war being averted, but who cannot get a hearing themselves in a critical moment, get it indirectly through England. Moral influence, too, although as a term it has been much misused, and as a thing it has only a shadowy existence, sways men in moments when they are hesitating; and the supply of moral influence which England is prepared to exert is always adequate to any possible demand. It must be added that every now and then the QUEEN has personally an influence in Continental politics which is greater than is generally recognized by her own subjects. The Emperor NICHOLAS told Sir RODERICK MURCHISON that he took the trouble to go to England solely to learn the views and feelings of the Court, to which he attached a much higher value than his auditor expected. A German newspaper has just reminded its readers that Queen VICTORIA is a German, and a very good German, and full of proper attachment to her Fatherland. When, as a German, she appeals to other Germans not to rush into a needless war, she appeals to persons who own that they ought at least to hear what she has to say. The policy of great nations cannot be wholly determined by personal influences, and, when once a course is taken, hesitation may become impossible, although strong personal influences counsel not going too far. Even the Empress AUGUSTA herself has to give way when Prince BISMARCK is stern. But the occasions are not very rare on which there is real importance in the intervention, one way or the other, of those who have the ear of men in a critical position. It is notorious that in the eventful days of July 1870, when the Emperor NAPOLEON was swaying to and fro from hour to hour, thinking at one moment that he would take his grand leap into the dark and at another moment that he would not, he was at last turned into the paths of destruction by the whispers of a few fanatical intriguers. The whispers of Queen VICTORIA may occasionally be as powerful at Berlin for peace as the whispers of Ultramontane agitators were at Paris for war.

It is no doubt true that part of the influence of England depends on the sense which is entertained of her power, and

that every combatant is at least anxious that England should not be ranged on the other side. But it is a great mistake to dwell too much on this side of English influence, and to represent nations who happen to listen to her advice as cowering before the terrors she inspires. As England is constantly taking some part in European questions, it is not likely that she will always fail to see her wishes fulfilled; but nothing could more seriously endanger her proper influence than to seize on her occasional successes as proofs that she is returning to a grand and high-spirited foreign policy, and is showing such nations as Germany, that when the lion roars, the lesser beasts of the forest are obliged to be silent. In this way, instead of conciliating the feelings of those whom we strive to guide by gentle arguments, we necessarily provoke them to ask why we think they should be afraid of us. Germany of all nations has least reason to be afraid of England. It is not only that we should find it difficult to touch Germany if we wished, or that, if very great questions arose, Germany, as the defender of the Danube, and therefore of Constantinople, and as the head of resistance to Ultramontanism, must necessarily follow a policy in sympathy with that of England. Germany has a greater and more positive advantage as regards England. The result of the late war was to give Germany such a frontier on the French side that she can only be attacked by way of Luxemburg, when the neutrality of Belgium and Holland would be openly assailed, or by way of Belfort, when the neutrality of Switzerland would be almost equally endangered. Germany can pour as many troops as she pleases into France without offending any of the canons of English policy; but France can scarcely get a regiment into Germany without making England her enemy, if England is to remain the champion of the small neutral Powers of Europe. If we took part in a war, we might think ourselves very fortunate if we did so with any signal success. There are some small Powers which we could protect with some hope of doing so efficiently. But if we engaged in conflict with any great Continental Power, it is doubtful whether we should find our offensive strength very great. We have many ships, much money, and a few soldiers. But neither our ships nor our money nor our few soldiers could have done anything to avert the catastrophes of Sadowa and Sedan. Not a single war has been fought since the downfall of the first NAPOLEON of which navies have determined the issue. If we had allies, we could give them plenty of money; but our days are not like the days of PITT, and we should soon get tired of allies who squandered our money, never took our advice, and were constantly beaten. The history of our little expeditions to little points on long lines of coast is a history of almost unchequered disaster, folly, and waste of precious lives. If duty called us to go to war, we should do all we could, and probably we should somehow or other do more than could be reasonably expected. But we must see ourselves as others see us, and not seek to impose by transparent boasting. Let us hope that foreigners may be inspired with a sudden access of unusual discrimination, and comprehend that articles dwelling on the wondrous effects of English roaring are merely appeals for a momentary popularity at home, and are not really meant to be read by outsiders at all.

It certainly did not need that the British lion should shake his mane and lash his tail very much in order that Germany should be willing to see peace continue. It seems as if all the world was absorbed in the one desire of trying to make Germany happy. Everybody explains everything, invents everything, agrees to everything that Germany could wish. The late scare began with a rumour that the

independence of Belgium was being threatened by Prince BISMARCK, and although the Belgian Government never countenanced the supposition, yet that Germany was bullying Belgium was too delightful a theory to be lightly discarded. The only real point of difference between Germany and Belgium was whether Belgium had done enough to satisfy Germany in regard to DUCHESNE's offer to assassinate Prince BISMARCK. Belgium insisted that the whole affair had been properly inquired into, that there was no law under which DUCHESNE could be punished, and that Belgium could not be reasonably expected to do more than make such a law for herself if the protecting Powers would make such a law for themselves. But Belgium cannot bear to go on long without casting a few roses at the feet of what the POPE calls the COLOSSUS. A little, pretty, graceful something must be done to please Germany, and Belgium has done it. A new inquiry has been ordered into the DUCHESNE affair on the mere chance of something fresh turning up which might bring DUCHESNE within the scope of the existing laws of Belgium. The inquiry proved abortive; for, however ingeniously the matter might be twisted one way or another, the result always was that DUCHESNE had done nothing more than offer to kill a man if he was paid for doing it, and this is not an offence under Belgian law. But a mild-tempered, pleasing nation which is bent on decorating a COLOSSUS is not to be stopped by finding that it has no roses already growing. It will make flowers rather than not have a votive wreath of some sort to deposit. The Belgian Government now proposes to pass a law constituting an unaccepted offer to murder a criminal offence. What it said it could not do, it does. Possibly this may be one of the fruits of English influence, and, if so, Lord DERBY has no doubt done something definite to make things peaceful. But anything less like taming Germany by the roaring of a lion it would be difficult to imagine.

MR. FAWCETT ON LOCAL TAXATION.

MR. FAWCETT may perhaps have earned the gratitude of his Liberal allies by furnishing an opportunity for a party division, but there is little advantage in challenging a certain defeat, nor has it hitherto been usual to propose a vote of censure except with some prospect of success. An amendment moved on an inoffensive Bill, to the effect that the Government ought to have done something else, is a recognized form of Parliamentary opposition; but only when the party which supports it sees its way to the attainment of office. Mr. GLADSTONE, in the beginning of 1868, prepared the way for his own return to power by his Resolution for the disestablishment of the Irish Church; and many years before Sir ROBERT PEEL had overthrown Lord MELBOURNE's Government by a similar process. Mr. FAWCETT, who ordinarily cares but little for party manoeuvres, seems to have persuaded himself that independent Conservative members would, for the sake of consistency with their former professions, support an amendment which seemed to point to the relief of ratepayers. His anticipations were justified by a certain amount of oral grumbling, but it was not to be expected that county members would censure the present Ministers for the purpose of restoring their predecessors to office. If they had desired to play into the hands of their adversaries, they might still have hesitated to select Mr. FAWCETT as their leader. On former occasions he has opposed the transfer of charges from the taxes to the rates, and there is reason to suspect that he is still not convinced of the expediency of the measures which he seemed to recommend. In one part of his speech Mr. FAWCETT contended that the national and the local incidence of taxation were almost equally unjust. It is true that the householder of limited income contributes more than his share of indirect taxation, while he pays rates from which some of his wealthier neighbours may be entirely exempt. The hardships of ratepayers would be most effectually redressed by the imposition of a direct tax on income, if it were possible that it should be levied by local machinery. The same result would be produced by a contribution from the State if a surplus were provided by an increase of direct taxation. The special representatives of the ratepayers placed no confidence in Mr. FAWCETT's novel sympathy with their claims.

The debate on the amendment was, as Sir S. NORTHCOTE declared, chaotic, or, in Lord HARTINGTON's more accurate

language, discursive. No serious objection was made to the modest proposal of modifying the machinery by which advances are made to local bodies for certain kinds of improvement. The plausible scheme of a local Budget to be annually laid before Parliament will be innocuous, and probably useless. By a traditional fiction it is assumed that the practice of laying papers on the table of the House affords a certain security against abuse. A statement made by the President of the Local Government Board will be a more stringent precaution of the same kind against imaginary abuses. The real guarantee consists in the observance of fixed rules and conditions which are enforced by the Loan Commissioners. The House of Commons will have no means of judging whether Corporations or other governing bodies have exercised want of judgment in borrowing money for local purposes. If it were possible to supersede their discretion, the only result would be the substitution of mere conjecture for the responsibility of those who are immediately concerned with the outlay incurred. In general it would be inexpedient to discourage expenditure for economical or sanitary improvement, even though it may in a few instances be possibly injudicious. The principal concern of the State is to guard itself against loss; and it would appear from the statement of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that the Commissioners have exercised laudable vigilance in requiring sufficient security. In a long course of years the payments have exceeded the advances by about a million, though the margin is not sufficient to cover the amount due for interest. The trifling loss is probably of old standing, for remissions are seldom asked or granted. There is no better security than a charge upon rates which may, if necessary, be compulsorily levied to provide for interest on loans and for sinking fund. The machinery of repayment is almost self-acting, and it is liable to no uncertainty.

One of Mr. FAWCETT's charges against the Government was founded on the alleged neglect or postponement of the introduction of a new system of local administration. Sir S. NORTHCOTE had declared that he thought it advisable to determine the relations between the ratepayer and the taxpayer before he interfered with the difficult question of local government. A few years ago Mr. GOSCHEN adopted the opposite policy of readjusting the incidence and the control of rates as a condition of any relief which might be afterwards afforded to the ratepayer at the national expense. Mr. STANSFELD, taking warning by the failure of his predecessor, introduced two or three less ambitious measures which were passed either during his own tenure of office or by the present Government. The whole country has been divided into districts for sanitary purposes, and there is therefore no longer either an urban or a rural area without a local authority. Some anomalies in the rating system have been also corrected by the extension of liability to woods, to sporting rights, and to those mines which were previously exempted. Mr. STANSFELD has on many occasions expressed his opinion that the county ought to be universally adopted as the area of every kind of local administration beyond the limits of boroughs. There is no doubt that sooner or later the administrative and financial functions of the justices in Quarter Sessions will be transferred to elected bodies. In the meantime the magistrates have discharged their duties with exemplary fidelity; nor are any public funds more carefully administered and levied than the county rates. The different theories on the fit order of legislation which are respectively maintained by Sir S. NORTHCOTE and by his opponents seem to be equally arbitrary. There is no reason why the internal regulation of liability to rates should necessarily precede or follow any adjustment of national and local taxation which may be found expedient. Although the Liberal party seems now to have been converted to the doctrines of Sir MASSEY LOPES, only a few years have passed since Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN were in the habit of threatening the landowners with mysterious consequences of their indiscretion in asking for contributions from the Exchequer in aid of local outlay.

Mr. PELL, Mr. YORKE, and other Conservative members faithfully represented the feelings of the Chambers of Agriculture when they intimated their dissatisfaction with the concessions of the present Government to the ratepayers. If Ministers cannot be expected to redeem when in office all the pledges which they may have given in opposition, there is no reason why independent members should not, while they vote with their party, consistently affect to regard every instalment of their demands as an acknow-

ledgment rather than a discharge of a debt. It is difficult to believe that any of the critics of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER can seriously have blamed him for not devoting to the relief of local taxation a non-existent surplus. It is doubtful whether they would have wished him in 1874 to retain the penny in the pound of Income-tax which was perhaps injudiciously remitted. It is true that tenant-farmers pay rates on their rental, and Income-tax on only half the same amount; but they have never as a body supported the Income-tax against its numerous assailants. The million and a quarter which was last year applied to the payment of a part of the cost of police and of pauper lunatics was a considerable boon to ratepayers; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER promises further contributions towards the administration of justice. It is certain that he could have done nothing in the present year to satisfy the demands of the county members; but ingratitude, like the opposite quality, sometimes indicates a lively sense of future favours. A political malcontent who even for a moment admits that he is satisfied has irrevocably damaged his position as a claimant of redress. If the malcontent Conservative members exhibited disaffection in their speeches, they returned to their allegiance at the division. Their vote was in substance to the effect that they liked the present Government, with all its faults, better than the last. It is not easy to understand what the minority intended by dividing with Mr. FAWCETT. Lord HARTINGTON and his friends cannot be supposed to think that a further grant ought to have been made from the Imperial revenue for local purposes; nor have they any definite plan of local government to propose. A Resolution or amendment to the effect that the Ministers might have been more active or more original is not a practical proceeding. Sir S. NORTHCOTE has no reason to regret the result of the attacks which have been directed against his department. To Mr. GLADSTONE he is indebted for a respectable Parliamentary triumph, and Mr. FAWCETT's motion has done him no serious harm.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE forms of the French Assembly seem ingeniously arranged for wasting time. The Government have carefully prepared two Bills of great importance, and there is no apparent reason why the discussion of one or other of them should not at once begin. It is customary, however, to refer Bills which affect the Constitution to a Committee of thirty deputies chosen in a way which is supposed roughly to reproduce the division of parties in the Assembly; and this week has been spent in calling this useless machine into existence. The Government were willing to dispense, not indeed with the reference to a Committee, but with the creation of a new Committee for the occasion. M. DUFAURE proposed that the Bills should be referred to that venerable and forgotten body which did its best to strangle the WALLON Constitution in the cradle. This process would have involved a much greater waste of time, since the deliberations of the old Committee of Thirty would not have served even as an index to the ultimate fate of the Bills. In that Committee the Right had a majority of votes, and it would probably have used its power to reject both the Public Powers Bill and the Bill to regulate the elections to the Senate. The Assembly would then have been asked to undo the work of its Committee. An amendment recalling the Bills to life would have been moved to the Report, and have been carried by a decisive majority. As it is, the deliberations of the Committee may, at least, serve as an indication whether there is any feature of the Bills which is specially distasteful to the supporters of the Government, and so prepare the way for their modification when they get back to the Assembly.

The composition of the new Committee of Thirty is a striking testimony to the change which has come over the Assembly. All the members but four belong to the majority which adopted the WALLON Constitution, and nineteen out of thirty belong to one or other section of the Left. It is fair to an Assembly which has not always shown itself either wise or patriotic that this singular transfer of power should be noted. It shows a really remarkable faculty of accepting inevitable facts. Not many months since the Assembly appeared equally unable to found anything itself or to give place to those who were better able to do so. The opinions of the majority were so well ascertained, and to all appearance so immovable, that

apparently nothing short of a miracle could either alter their minds or send them back to their constituents. Now the former change has been in operation for some months, while the latter is not far off. The desire of the country that a Republican Constitution should be set up did somehow make itself plain to the minds of a majority of deputies, and when things had come to this point, they had the good sense to yield, and, what is more, to yield frankly. It is not to be supposed that the founders of the new Constitution are much in love with their own handiwork, but they have at least accepted it without grumbling. It is not likely that any very serious discussion will take place in the newly-elected Committee. The Left are strong enough in it to carry everything their own way, and their discipline is so good that they may be trusted to take the word from their leaders as to what that way ought to be. The *Times*' Correspondent mentions a singular illustration of the perfection of training which the Left have by this time attained. They offered, if the Right would concede them fourteen places on the Committee, to allow the Right to choose the particular members of the Left who were to fill them. There is evidently no fear of a Cave in a party which can make such a proposal as this. The Right refused, because to give up fourteen places to the Left would have been as fatal to their object as the concession of a larger number could have been. The sixteen members who would have remained to be chosen must have included a contingent from the LAVERGNE section of the Right Centre, which on constitutional questions votes with the Left, and indeed includes the author of the new Constitution himself. After this compromise had been rejected there was nothing to be done except to leave the majority of the Assembly to choose their own representatives, and that the Right had any representatives at all seems to have been chiefly owing to the good nature or the indifference of the Left.

When the Public Powers Bill and the Bill to regulate elections for the Senate have been disposed of, the one question which for the moment seems most to interest French politicians will come on for consideration. By that time it may be hoped that the Government will have consented not to make the substitution of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* for the *scrutin de liste* a question of confidence. It would be difficult for a Minister to have his course more plainly marked out for him than M. BUFFET has now. He cannot resign without pulling down, or running the risk of pulling down, the whole of the constitutional edifice which it has cost so much to build up. It is admitted that Marshal MACMAHON neither could nor would form another Ministry out of the Assembly, and if he were to attempt to carry on the Government in any other way, the general election would be held amid an outbreak of political passion all the more violent for the severity with which it has of late been repressed. It is inconceivable that any Minister should think it his duty to bring these disasters upon the country rather than submit to having the elections conducted in the same manner as that in which the elections of 1871 were conducted. However strong may be the arguments in favour of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* over the *scrutin de liste*, it cannot be a matter of principle to give effect to these arguments at this particular moment. Even if M. BUFFET's conscience will not let him accept an electoral law which leaves the mode of election what it is, there is no absolute need for an electoral law to be brought forward at the present time. There is every probability that a Chamber returned next autumn, even by the existing constituencies, would be a sufficiently moderate one. To provoke a Ministerial crisis under circumstances which make it impossible to say what other and more serious crisis might not grow out of it, rather than face a Chamber thus elected, would indicate an extraordinary combination of cowardice and rashness.

Apart from the merits or demerits of the rival systems considered in themselves, there are two reasons which point to the propriety of retaining the *scrutin de liste* at all events until after the general election. During the five years that the present Assembly will have been in existence a continual debate has been going on as to the fidelity with which the by-elections have represented the opinions of the country. The Republicans have all along asserted that the great body of the nation is in substantial agreement with them, and that it needs nothing but an appeal to the constituencies to make this plain to all observers. It is of great importance that the truth or falsehood of this assertion should, if possible, be demonstrated at the general election. But

in order to its being demonstrated, the constituencies which return the new Chamber ought to be identical with those to which reference has so frequently been made during the lifetime of the existing Chamber. If the *arrondissement* were substituted for the department as the electoral unit, the Republicans would complain with some reason that a Reform Bill had been carried for no other purpose than to prevent a particular party from maintaining its hold on power. Granting that the change is in itself an improvement, and that as such it ought eventually to be adopted, that is not necessarily a reason for adopting it at this moment. Supposing that Mr. DISRAELI had used the few months of office that remained to him after the passing of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions on the Irish Church in effecting a large redistribution of seats, the fact that certain interests were better represented than before would not have reconciled the country to the change, supposing that it had resulted in a reversal of the decision arrived at by the outgoing Parliament. A second reason for adhering to the *scrutin de liste* is that the special advantage attributed to the *scrutin d'arrondissement*—that it gives prominence to local interests and allows local influence to have its just weight—may not be an advantage in the present state of France. What is wanted before everything else is the return of a majority sufficiently strong and united to carry on the business of the country with decision and vigour. Anything is better than a Chamber which does not know its own mind or entertain the same purpose for two days together. If the adoption of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is to give France another such Legislature as the present Assembly, no theoretical accuracy of representation would make the change other than a misfortune.

SPAIN.

THE reports of Spanish victories on either side are always to be received with suspicion, and little weight is to be attached to the assurance which Don CARLOS gives to his brother that he will himself be crowned in Madrid. He not unnaturally takes occasion to notice the hostility of the German Government, which had apparently been ready to concede the extradition of Don ALFONSO on the questionable charge of having exceeded the license of war. The Carlists are, fortunately for themselves, beyond the reach of the Government of Berlin, and they have strong motives for calling attention to the indirect testimony which is given to their piety and orthodoxy by the enmity which they incur in common with the POPE. The Spanish clergy and their adherents may perhaps regard with some suspicion a dynasty which is recognized and supported by the heretical persecutor of the Church. On the other hand, a friend who cannot be implicitly trusted is sometimes more sedulously courted than an unalienable partisan. The Carlists must necessarily favour the Church, while it is possible that the Government of Madrid may think it prudent to pursue an independent course. Don CARLOS has no confiscated endowments to restore; and there are probably no schismatics to be tolerated or repressed in the districts which partially acknowledge his authority. The despatch of a NUNCIO to Madrid proves not that the Court of Rome prefers ALFONSO to CARLOS, but that for the present the Government which occupies the capital is deemed the stronger of the two competitors. Notwithstanding the prolonged interruption of military operations, hopes are still entertained of detaching some of his followers from Don CARLOS. By way of encouragement to proselytes, the Government has published a letter to CABRERA which contains an odd and involuntary admission. King ALFONSO confirms or restores the titles and military rank of his new adherent without remembering that all the honours in question were conferred by the grandfather of the PRETENDER. It seems to follow that at the time when CABRERA attained his rank the Carlist claims had a legitimate foundation.

The most important event which has lately occurred in Spain is the declaration of the leaders of the Progressist party, that the cause of national freedom and independence is inseparable from the title of Don ALFONSO. The renewed activity of any political party after the long supremacy of more than one military and despotic Government is in itself an encouraging symptom; nor can it be doubted that the meeting of the ex-Parliamentary leaders had been concerted with the Government. The names of the

principal managers have not been published; but it would seem that all the leaders of the different constitutional parties adhered to the dynasty, with the singular exception of SAGASTA and his followers. The Progressists have since the dethronement of Queen ISABELLA, in which they took an active part, professed a theoretical preference for a monarchical form of government. Their leaders concurred with PRIM in the elevation of AMADEO; and although they afterwards gave but feeble support to the throne which they had erected, they stood aloof from the Republic which was established on the abdication of the King. From that time to the present they have had no opportunity, and perhaps no wish, to take part in public affairs. When the Republican Cortes was turned out of doors Marshal SERRANO, after some hesitation, selected the Conservative leader SAGASTA as his principal adviser. The suspension of Parliamentary government, and the indefinite powers which were vested in the Chief of the State and his Minister, probably rendered opposition impossible. The sudden proclamation of Don ALFONSO by the chiefs of the army resulted in the continuance of the same kind of government in other hands. ZORRILLA, who had displayed some disposition to independent action, was compelled to quit Madrid; and it seemed that constitutional rights were indefinitely suspended. The promoters of the late political movement must have ascertained that their action would be agreeable to the Government.

That an attempt on the part of civilians to influence Spanish politics should afford a reasonable cause for congratulation is in itself a significant illustration of the melancholy tendency of successive revolutions. For the greater part of the present century Spain has been nominally free; and its long series of constitutions have sometimes furnished models for democratic agitators in other countries. The result, after all, is reliance for the preservation of order on the army, and occasional facilities for intervention on the part of the class which ought to produce statesmen. Behind the constitutional politicians who have determined to support the present dynasty are the Republicans, who only two years ago possessed undisputed power. Unfortunately, they are pledged to oppose the present form of government; and consequently, if opportunity presents itself, they will reopen the barren series of revolutions. Señor CASTELAR, the most eminent and respectable of their leaders, seems to have discovered a part of the secret of the failure of Spain to obtain freedom and order. In a speech addressed to an Italian audience he lately warned the votaries of his own political creed against any attempt to obtain their objects by violence as long as they were in possession of the machinery by which peaceful changes are accomplished. In other words, the Italian Republicans are exhorted to accept the existing institutions of their country, and only to promote the establishment of their own theories by persuasion and by regular and legal political activity. There can be no doubt that their wisest course will be to repudiate the example of the Spaniards who profess the same opinions. The son of the King of ITALY, one of the most loyal of princes, and an almost pedantic admirer of Parliamentary institutions, was only a few years ago reigning in Spain by the invitation of a Cortes who had themselves been specially authorized by their constituents to elect a King. Señor CASTELAR, though he had no reason for personal hostility to King AMADEO, at that time professed on behalf of himself and his party irreconcilable antagonism to any Government which was not professedly Republican. His friends, if not himself, did their utmost to disorganize the army, because they considered it the main support of the throne. Their devotion to their own formula resembled the fanaticism of a religious sect, and they sternly rejected any suggestion of compromise. It is greatly to CASTELAR'S credit that he is not deterred by the fear of being charged with inconsistency from recommending to Republicans in Italy a policy opposite to that which he had himself adopted in Spain.

In deducing for the instruction of his foreign disciples the lessons which he has learned by painful domestic experience, Señor CASTELAR found it necessary to account for the failure of the experiment to which nearly the whole of his life has been devoted. He appears at last dimly to perceive that Republicanism furnishes no absolute security against the evils which attend other forms of government. Nevertheless he believes that the Republic might have succeeded in Spain but for the impatience of its

adherents and the violence of demagogues, or, in other words, but for the fact that human nature has not yet become perfect. The consequences which ensued from the establishment of the Republic in Spain had been often foretold by its opponents. There is indeed no reason why a Republican form of government should not succeed in modern Europe, except that Republicans have in the great majority of cases adopted subversive and anarchical doctrines. When Señor CASTELAR eloquently preached the creed of a Federal Republic, he had the means of knowing that the great majority of his political allies in Spain were pledged to the disruption of the national unity, and to communistic theories with reference to property. As soon as the Monarchy ceased to exist, consistent Federalists set up a separate Government in Carthage; and some Republican Ministers declared that forcible interference with the eccentricities of their political friends was repugnant to their feelings and principles. It soon appeared that no moderate Republicans were to be found in Spain, with the exception of converts who were, like CASTELAR himself, convinced of their former errors by the responsibilities of power. CASTELAR had learned from his master MAZZINI an idolatrous attachment to the name of a Republic. He has since had the advantage over his teacher of a brief experience in administration, and he found that the only mode by which Spain could be governed was the simple rule of a dictator. As soon as CASTELAR resigned his authority to the Cortes, the Republic became impossible, and a determined soldier who dispersed the impracticable Assembly received and deserved universal approval. The moderation of the ablest Republican leader may perhaps relieve the restored Monarchy from an element of risk and disturbance.

THE TIPPERARY ELECTION.

THE decision of the Irish Court of Common Pleas will probably be not received with much disfavour even in Tipperary. For those who lose there is always a comfort in being beaten in a thorough, unmitigable, and wholesale way. If, when the first election of MITCHEL had been declared void, the electors of Tipperary had chosen another candidate, they might have been now in a very unhappy and divided state. A Nationalist perfect in every respect is an almost ideal being, and when an election is over and a Nationalist has been returned, his supporters are naturally haunted by an uneasy feeling that after all he may not be the right man. If he has ever been convicted under the base laws of Saxon tyranny, he has of course got a certificate of fitness which no unconvicted person can rival. But when it merely comes to a general readiness to be convicted, one man seems to be as good as another, and the successful man owes his success so transparently to good luck that his rivals and their friends feel themselves aggrieved. MITCHEL was perfect in his way, and no other Nationalist could attempt to hold a candle to him. He had escaped from prison, he was an alien, he was living at New York. He was absolutely ignorant of English politics and recent Irish history. It was believed that his election would give the House of Commons much uneasiness and some pain; and when his first election was declared void, the Tipperary electors thought that a very grand position indeed was opened to them, and that they could hurl defiance at a detested Parliament by electing him again. A question was then raised for the decision of a Court of Law, and it has been held that, MITCHEL having been disqualified, Mr. MOORE, his Conservative opponent, was duly elected. There is nothing that the Tipperary electors need mind in this. They have had their moment of fun and glory. They have hurled their defiance at Parliament. It did not seem to hurt Parliament in any perceptible way, but that was immaterial. All they wished to do was to hurl a defiance, and they hurled it. That a Conservative should now represent them only makes the proceeding more complete. It makes their defeat more conspicuous and elevating. It removes all question as to whether there was another Irishman fit to receive MITCHEL's mantle. All that the Tipperary electors practically lose is that they do not now send another member to Westminster to quote Blue-books for hours or keep on moving the exclusion of strangers. Men who can do such things are held in deserved respect in Tipperary, but the things they do are not very great things. There is nothing striking, heroic, or defiant about their proceed-

ings. It would have been a descent in dignity to come down from the high ground of combating Parliament and elect some one like Mr. BIGGAR. Tipperary may now repose on the high, if melancholy, thought that second-rate successors were not to its mind, and that it would have either its own MITCHEL, or no one to represent its peculiar views and feelings.

The Irish Court had an easy task, so far as the mere declaration that MITCHEL was disqualified went. He was beyond all contention an alien. He had obtained letters of naturalization in America and had renounced allegiance to the QUEEN. In old days this would have had no effect in the eyes of an English Court. Once an Englishman always an Englishman was the maxim of law for centuries. But in 1870 an Act was passed which declared that persons who had previously, or might subsequently, to the passing of the Act become the subjects of a foreign State, should be deemed to have ceased to be British subjects. After this change in the law MITCHEL was as much disqualified as the President of the United States to be returned to Parliament. It was pleasing for a person who had registered himself as an American and was living at New York, to think that in a moment he could, by the discriminating favour of Tipperary, be sent to Westminster as a member; but this pleasing thought was a mere illusion. It was not, however, on this uncontested ground that the House of Commons declared the first election of MITCHEL void. Its decision was based on the fact that he was a transported felon who had not served his time. The Court was invited by the counsel for the opponents of Mr. MOORE to declare that the House of Commons had been wrong, and that the first election ought not to have been set aside. But the Court refused to go into this preliminary question. A new writ had been issued, and the only question it would entertain was whether the return to this writ was good. The House of Commons had chosen to pronounce an election void, and a Court of Law has no power to reverse a decision of the House of Commons. But it is not bound to guide itself by any reasons on which the House of Commons may have come to a decision. When a petition was presented by Mr. MOORE, the Court of Common Pleas had to pronounce whether Mr. MOORE was entitled to it, and this depended on whether MITCHEL was disqualified. It made no difference that, with regard to a previous election, the House of Commons had declared that MITCHEL was disqualified. If his return was to be set aside, it must be set aside on some distinct legal ground, the validity of which a decision of the House of Commons could not affect. As it happened, the Court entertained no doubt that the ground on which the House had acted was a ground legally valid. MITCHEL was a felon who, having been transported, had not served his time. He escaped from confinement in a manner which his admirers thought eminently creditable to him; but he did escape. Having been declared a felon, he had not purged his felony by enduring his sentence. There is scarcely anything, however remote from common sense, which may not form matter for argument before tribunals which, like British Courts, have to be guided by dormant traditions of antiquated law, and by a confused medley of incoherent statutes. It was contended on behalf of MITCHEL, or, to speak more accurately, on behalf of his memory, that a felon does not lose his civil rights unless he is convicted of a felony to which a capital punishment is attached; that transportation merely means exile; and that a prisoner who escapes from Australia and spends his time comfortably in New York is theoretically, and in a legal and non-natural sense, undergoing transportation all the time. There was something so ludicrously inconsistent with common sense in these arguments that those acquainted with the peculiar character of English law could not help having an uneasy feeling that very probably they were right. But fortunately there was nothing to show that the propositions on which these arguments were founded, however clear might be their unreasonableness, and however great the probability of their consequent soundness, were in point of fact warranted; and when modern Judges can find a loophole for the introduction of common sense, they generally take advantage of it. The Irish Court of Common Pleas has accordingly declared that civil disabilities attach to every conviction for felony, and that a transported person can only purge his felony by enduring his sentence. The House of Commons was therefore proceeding on a

perfectly legal ground when it declared MITCHEL disqualified because, having been convicted of felony, he had not endured his sentence. Transportation is a sentence to captivity, and a transported prisoner must remain a prisoner during the time to which his sentence extends before he can regain his civil rights. It is in every way satisfactory that the House and the Courts are thus in harmony in their decisions, for although the House is the judge of its own actions, yet it would greatly shake the authority of the House if it could be shown that it proceeded on grounds which a Court of Law held to be invalid.

It must not, however, be supposed that in this particular case the harmony of the decisions of the House and of the Court depends on much more than a lucky accident. It is a pleasant surprise to find that there has not been some unheard-of Irish Act unearthed which would have forced a Court to a different conclusion. As it happens, there is an Irish Act of Parliament on the subject of transportation which is as absurd as an Act can be. If a felon sentenced in England or Scotland to transportation escapes, he can be seized and remitted to prison if found where the English law obtains. But if he is sentenced in Ireland, he is safe from being again arrested when outside the boundaries of the place to which he has been transported. This, at least, is the opinion of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and in the absence of a judicial decision his opinion may be taken to be correct. Nothing can be more absurd than that such a distinction should exist, but then this is the way in which Irish Acts, and, it may be added, a great many other Acts, are drawn. Even when a mischief is detected in law it is very hard to provide a remedy, and the Government will probably shrink from the arduous and wearisome task of carrying a Bill to put Irish convicts on a level with their Scotch and English brethren. There is always the dreadful thought that probably Mr. BIGGAR would read through BLACKSTONE when commenting on each of its clauses. The legislative spirit of Governments may be willing, but their flesh is weak and their force is limited; and it may be expected that Irish convicts will be left in the tranquil possession of their exclusive privileges. The disqualification of MITCHEL on the ground that he was an alien was created by an Act of Parliament the terms of which were happily free from obscurity. But scarcely any one knows what is in Acts of Parliament until something arises which makes their provisions generally known. Unless the proof of MITCHEL's having obtained letters of naturalization in America has been subsequently received, it seems strange that the Government was not advised to rest, at least in part, the avoidance of his first return on a ground so perfectly clear as that he was an alien. Now that MITCHEL's history has given notoriety to the point, it may be brought home to British subjects with a degree of force hitherto wanting that they are taking a very serious step when they naturalize themselves in a foreign country. Popular views as to allegiance and the position of aliens are very hazy, and even Lord BROUGHAM, after having attained the highest judicial dignity in England, needed to be told by a French authority that a man cannot belong to two countries at once, and that the position of a member of a French Assembly was inconsistent with the position of a member of the English House of Lords. When the ex-Chancellor understood that, in order to sit in the French Assembly, he must renounce absolutely his English rights, privileges, and dignities, his sympathetic ardour for French Republicanism rapidly cooled. Hitherto the obtaining of letters of naturalization abroad, and especially in the United States, has been looked on as a pleasant freak, and no one supposed that what was done in jest abroad would be taken in earnest at home. Now things will be different. British subjects will be aware that the renunciation of allegiance to the QUEEN is not always a trifling matter. They will forecast the consequences of the step they take; and they will comprehend that among other things they may, by becoming aliens, be disappointed some day in their highest hopes; and that, although they have every other qualification in the highest degree, and have been properly convicted, and have lived out of the British Isles for years, and are animated with a hatred for Saxon tyranny which even malice cannot impugn, still they cannot sit for Tipperary.

A MINISTER OF COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE.

MR. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE fully answered Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD's demand for the appointment of a Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. In the last Session Lord HAMPTON made a similar proposal for the department of Education; nor is it difficult to understand how members who are from time to time impressed with the importance of particular kinds of business should desire to promote their immediate objects by entrusting them to the care of a special Minister. On several occasions the experiment has been tried with little success. Nearly thirty years ago, when the rapid increase of railways attracted general attention, a Chief Commissioner of Railways was appointed to discharge indefinite duties, which, by no fault of the incumbent of the office, proved to be imaginary or trivial. At a later period the original Poor Law Commission was superseded by a Parliamentary President of the Board, on the ground that it was necessary for a responsible Minister to answer the charges which were then frequently advanced against the department in the House of Commons. It has been again and again proved by experience that it is better to concentrate than to divide official responsibility. When, in the formation of several recent Governments, it has been found convenient for party purposes to provide as many Cabinet officers as possible, efficiency of counsel and administration has been sacrificed to personal interests. If fourteen or fifteen Ministers are nominally included among the confidential servants of the Crown, it becomes indispensable for the vigorous conduct of business to form a Cabinet within the Cabinet consisting of three or four of the Prime Minister's most trusted colleagues. Mr. FAWCETT complained that the President of the Local Government Board was not a Cabinet Minister; and before the Session is over a similar remark may probably be made on the Vice-President of the Council. No contrivance will enable more than a limited number of Ministers to occupy the first political rank. It is doubtful whether Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI would have been allowed to introduce the Reform Bill of 1867 if the great majority of the Cabinet had not been practically restricted to the management of their respective departments. In Mr. GLADSTONE's Administration places were made for three or four extreme Liberals in the Cabinet by a serious violation of precedent. Mr. DISRAELI's determination to check a growing abuse justly received general approval. As he said, in answer to Mr. LLOYD, it is desirable in the construction of a Cabinet to retain the liberty of determining according to circumstances whether the head of a special department shall sit in the Cabinet. One of his present colleagues owes his position to Mr. DISRAELI's personal friendship, and to his own conventional rank as a member of former Cabinets. It is unnecessary that the Secretary for Ireland and the President of the Local Government Board should have seats in the Cabinet.

Mr. FORSTER, who formerly acted as Chairman of a Committee on public offices, expressed an opinion that the President of the Board of Trade ought to be a Cabinet Minister; but at the same time he approved the abolition of the diplomatic section of the Board, and the transference of its duties to the Foreign Office. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE explained, the Board of Trade has almost ceased to concern itself with commercial policy, while it has assumed administrative functions of the most various character. If the title of the department were altered by the addition of Agriculture to Trade, the clerks who superintend cases of pleuro-pneumonia would simply be transferred from one room in Whitehall to another. The Chambers of Commerce, who have sometimes asked for a Minister of their own, have never been able to devise any employment for his energies except the prevention of cattle disease. It seems that sixty years ago the Board exercised some kind of agricultural superintendence, and Sir S. NORTHCOTE confessed an excusable ignorance of the reasons which had caused the discontinuance of the title. No department of State has undergone more changes than the Board of Trade, which a century ago was called the Board of Trade and Plantations. At the close of the American war the Board was, through the exertions of BURKE, suppressed for reasons of economy, but it was within two or three years practically revived under the name of a Committee of Council, under the guidance of the ablest economical administrator of the time, Mr. JENKINSON,

afterwards first Earl of LIVERPOOL. Mr. JENKINSON was not a member of Mr. PITT's Cabinet, though he exercised great influence in the Government and in the House of Commons. He was the chief adviser of the Minister in his abortive attempt to establish free trade between England and Ireland, and in the negotiation of the French Commercial Treaty in the following year. Then, as now, it was greatly for the public advantage to obtain the services of an enlightened economist and politician, but the title of the office which he held was of little importance. As Mr. DISRAELI reminded the House, the supposed deficiency of official superintendence of trade has occurred when there has been a President of the Board of Trade who was also a Cabinet Minister.

It is perhaps not expedient that Parliament should examine too closely the fiction by which a Parliamentary leader who has attained office is supposed to manage all the business of his department. If a Minister is to be responsible, he must be the ostensible representative of his office. In practice, as those who have to resort to the Board of Trade are too well aware, the real President is an unobtrusive gentleman who would not be a member of the Cabinet if Mr. LLOYD's motion were adopted by acclamation. A Secretary of State or a Chancellor of the Exchequer may impress his own policy on his department, although he must necessarily be dependent for details on his permanent advisers and assistants. The Board of Trade has no policy; but it has an infinite number of petty matters to transact which are necessarily committed to the care of assistant secretaries and chief clerks. The Board manages harbours, shipping, and railways, and, when financial questions arise, it corresponds with the Treasury. The zealous officers of the department often cause grave dissatisfaction to those who are subjected to their control and interference; but the President naturally supports his subordinates in the few cases in which he is required to intervene. To those who suffer from officious activity or from negligence it is wholly immaterial whether the nominal head of the office has or has not a seat in the Cabinet. If it happens at any time that a considerable statesman is made President of the Board, his claims are not likely to be overlooked by his colleagues. A less conspicuous member of the party can discharge his few duties equally well in a humbler rank.

The recurrent agitation for the establishment of new Cabinet offices is closely connected with the popular error of regarding legislation as the primary duty of a Government. There is no doubt that in a complicated system of administration there is a constant demand for practical improvement; but when once the best system is discovered and adopted, repair ought to take the place of reconstruction. A member of the last Cabinet reduced to an absurd extreme the practice of his chief and of his colleagues by the bold and simple avowal that an incessant succession of changes was necessary to justify and secure the supremacy of the Liberal party. Mr. SAMUEL LLOYD is not likely to approve of revolution for the purposes of faction; and it is true that neither his speech nor his motion related to legislative restlessness; yet his anxiety to obtain for traders access to a Cabinet Minister could only be justified on the assumption that commerce needs the frequent intervention of Parliament. It is wholly unnecessary that an inquiry into the safety of a new railway should be conducted in the name of a Minister of the first rank, who, whether he is in or out of the Cabinet, can by no possibility exercise any real control over the decision. In the reign of GEORGE IV. Mr. HUSKISSON, as President of the Board of Trade, possessed the same superiority over his colleagues in economical and financial aptitude which had belonged forty years before to Mr. JENKINSON. He was consequently admitted to the Cabinet after a delay caused by the prejudices of the King, and he was the trusted adviser of Lord LIVERPOOL and of Mr. CANNING. But for political and financial impediments Mr. HUSKISSON would have been Chancellor of the Exchequer with greater benefit to commercial interests than he was able to confer at the Board of Trade. Both Sir S. NORTHCOTE and Mr. DISRAELI remarked on the comparative unimportance of commercial policy since the acceptance by English statesmen of all parties of the sound and simple principles of Free-trade. There is still room for the exercise of a large discretion in the adjustment of taxation and the general administration of the finances. The Prime Minister who is entrusted with the formation of a Cabinet ought to place

the ablest economist among his colleagues at the Exchequer. If he has a second financial authority at his disposal, he may be relegated to the Board of Trade.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

THE general idea which Englishmen form of Belgium is that of a country the inhabitants of which are chiefly given to money-making and good eating. No type of face less suggests religious enthusiasm than the Flemish, and though the people are sufficiently Catholic to be picturesque, it almost seems as though they had in part remained so from a business-like desire not to make Belgium less attractive to foreigners. The estimates formed by travellers are usually superficial, and in this case the common view is a thoroughly mistaken one. In no country of Europe does theological passion burn more fiercely. The stout burgesses of the Low Countries can be as enthusiastically Ultramontane as an Italian peasant, or as fanatically irreligious as a French workman. Even circumstances which in other cases tend to make people of different religions dwell peaceably side by side have failed to produce this effect in Belgium. It is commonly supposed that where the members of rival creeds are pretty equally balanced they have a substantial reason for not quarrelling with one another. The chances of combat are too uncertain to make it worth the while of either to provoke it. And where in addition the State shows no special favour to either of them, one frequent ground of irritation is removed. There is no prize to be contended for. The position of each party after the fight is over can at best be what it was before. Neither of these considerations seems to have any weight with the Belgians. As politicians, they ostentatiously divide themselves into Liberals and Catholics, as though they found a pleasure in the implied declaration that no Liberal can be a Catholic, and no Catholic a Liberal. Every Ministerial crisis turns upon a question of religion, and there is not a municipal election in which the ratepayers are not virtually asked to vote for the restoration of the Temporal Power, or for the suppression of religious orders. A religious reaction as lively as there is in France, and a desire to restrain ecclesiastical liberties as keen as there is in Prussia, are the warring elements which are conspicuous in every Belgian commune.

To the permanent occasions of strife which are to be found in this strangely theological country there has lately been added the revival of religious processions. In Liège, in Ghent, and in Brussels the practice of this form of devotion has caused serious riots. The pilgrims have been first hooted at and then assaulted. They have not always taken their persecution quietly, and as they have usually been armed with sticks, their assailants have not always had the best of the battle. Still a procession of pilgrims has in most cases the disadvantage that it is partly made up of women. The weaker part of the procession has to be protected, and a certain percentage of the total strength of the pilgrims must be detailed for this work. In some places the police are present to maintain order, but where public opinion is divided, and assigns the blame now to one side and now to another, the police are naturally anxious to make as few enemies as possible. The irritation of unsympathizing observers does not wholly spend itself in words or blows. Rival processions have been organized, and an image of the VIRGIN taken from some roadside chapel has been carried in mockery through the streets of Brussels. The crowd has halted at the gates of the principal convents, and before the houses of the Ministers, to denounce the Pope and the clergy. Nothing is more significant of the state of tension in which the two parties now are than the absence of any strong disapprobation of these excesses on the part of the better educated and more respectable members of the Liberal party. The *Indépendance Belge* writes of them in much the same strain as that in which the *Times* used to write of the riots at St. George's-in-the-East. It says that they are lamentable, but in the same breath they will add that they are excusable. If no provocation had been given to the people, no offence would have been taken. Logically speaking, there is no justification for this temper. The Catholics who go in procession are only using the rights which the law allows them. Their opponents, not being able to deny that religious liberty includes, among other things, the liberty of walking to church in regular

order, try to make out that the act is political and not religious. Their position is not much bettered by this change of adjectives, for, so long as they do not interfere with other people, it is hard to see why a political party may not walk in procession just as freely as a religious party. But even if to prove that a procession is political were the same thing as to prove that it is illegal, the demonstration in the particular case is by no means conclusive. To go to a grotto built in imitation of the grotto where the Virgin is said to have appeared at Lourdes may be very foolish or very superstitious, but it is in no obvious sense political. The *Indépendance Belge* argues that, even if the notion of a pilgrimage to the original grotto were endurable, the same patience ought not to be extended to a procession to a sham grotto. That, as it appears to us, is the business of the persons who go in procession. If the Pope thought fit to declare that all the spiritual blessings attached to a visit to Rome might be obtained by Belgians on condition of visiting a panorama of Rome, the visit would not thereby cease to be religious or be deprived of the immunities which belong to religious acts. The two ways of gaining the indulgence may imply greater or less degrees of folly, but they do not differ in kind. If pilgrimages in the abstract appear to the Belgian Liberals to be an allowable, because a religious, superstition, they have no right to say that a pilgrimage to a particular village is not allowable because it is too ridiculous to claim the benefit of being religious. That is a question which the Belgian Catholics must settle for themselves. How they settle it may be of importance as affecting the estimate which their fellow-countrymen form of their sense, but it is of no importance as regards the lawfulness of the procession itself.

There is another aspect of the question in which the intolerance of the Belgian Liberals will appear a little less inexcusable. They think, and the language used by their adversaries occasionally gives them ground for thinking, that the Church has not altogether abandoned her claim to a very much larger share of power than she at present enjoys in Belgium. It has been the misfortune of Roman Catholics during the reign of the present POPE that they cannot frankly surrender the position of members of a State Church in countries where they have lately enjoyed it. Probably the leaders of the Belgian Ultramontanes are as well assured as their opponents that, though the Church may grow richer both in endowments and in number of members, there is no probability of her becoming anything more than one of several religions recognized and respected by the Civil Government. But to admit this in so many words would be almost treason to Pius IX. He has so constantly insisted on the subordination of the civil to the ecclesiastical power that it is difficult for his faithful subjects to say boldly that they have neither the wish nor the thought to be any more favoured by the State than they already are. It is a consequence of this unavoidable silence that the anti-Catholic party in Belgium is alarmed as well as irritated by any display of the numerical strength of its opponents. When 25,000 Catholics go in procession to an imitation grotto, with an imitation miraculous spring trickling down the wall, it shows that the Church contains a large number of persons who are not deterred from manifesting their devotion by any fear of ridicule. These processions may be evidence that the Belgian Church has become grossly superstitious, but they are also evidence that its superstitions have not weakened its hold on the people. If the Belgian Liberals regarded it as a purely religious association, even this might not much move them. They seem to be animated by a tolerably impartial dislike of all forms of religion, and they might even be disposed to welcome anything which tends to support their favourite thesis that theological belief has a direct tendency to degrade and debase the mind. But when they are not quite easy as to the political objects of the Church which can command this amount of popular support, they are naturally disturbed by the spectacle of an enthusiasm which they think too irrational to be argued with and too formidable to be despised.

It is difficult to determine whether the Roman Catholic Church is well or ill advised in giving so much prominence to the theatrical side of its creed. It is a policy which has the effect of intensifying opposition and alienating some who might be more friendly to religion if the ecclesiastical authorities did not go out of their way to make religion distasteful to them. On the other hand, the

devotion of a large section of Catholics is stimulated by these processions, and the ineffective and intermittent persecution of which those who compose them are the object is perhaps more likely than anything else to maintain this devotion at fever-heat.

THE INSTRUCTIONS ON RECRUITING.

THE Instructions on Recruiting issued by the authorities from 1870 to 1874 have been lately published, without throwing much light on the condition of the army. The memorandum on "the advantages of the army," issued in 1874, probably produced as much effect among the working classes as a leader on the same subject in the *Times*. These "advantages" are all very well in their way, but as Mr. HARDY owns, "it is very difficult to set a money value on them, for they are of a kind to which the working-man is altogether a stranger." But the working-man is not a stranger to the difference between a shilling and half-a-crown. Commanding officers are directed to take care that soldiers proceeding on furlough have the means of making those "advantages" known at their homes. Unfortunately, however, the soldier on furlough, as General SHUTE told the House of Commons, often arrives among his friends in the condition of a pauper, so that he offers in his own person a discouraging illustration of the "advantages" which he is desired to explain.

The instructions issued to medical officers and recruiting officers may perhaps be appealed to to show what the army is meant to be; but the statements of experienced officers and the admissions of Mr. HARDY prove conclusively what the army is. Sir HENRY HAVELOCK endeavours to defend Lord CARDWELL's system, and at the same time admits that some 10 per cent. of our infantry would never make efficient soldiers, or it would take two or three years to make them efficient, and, he said, "the simple remedy is 'not to take men of an inferior stamp.'" In a former speech the same speaker had said that the country was resting on a delusion, "full 20 per cent. of the infantry troops not 'being fit for service,'" and he had also said that the country was "gradually coming to an emergency." As he assured the House of Commons that the speech he addressed to it last week was, in effect, a repetition of this former speech, we must assume that, when he said that Lord CARDWELL's system will not be in full force for seven years, he meant the same thing as when he said that the country was gradually coming to an emergency. And this, in fact, is what everybody, more or less guardedly, is obliged to say. Mr. BASS thought the discussion had demonstrated that our recruiting system was very defective, and that the present condition of our army was most unsatisfactory, and he added that he was old enough to remember the ballot, and thought we must go back to it. Any intelligent and unprejudiced person reading the speeches to which Mr. BASS had listened would agree with him. But if the military critics of the system left any doubt in a reader's mind, he would surely be convinced by Mr. HARDY's answer to them. Reference had been made to the Crimean war, in which we first employed seasoned soldiers, and afterwards raw boys. Mr. HARDY, being officially bound to defend his predecessor's system until he is ready to abolish it, represents it in effect as a system by which the raw boys are first brought forward, while the seasoned soldiers are kept to supply the gaps made by war. It is not absolutely certain that the so-called Reserve may not prefer to live to fight another day; but, without pressing that point against Mr. HARDY, we would ask him whether he thinks that if the recruits of 1855 had formed the army of 1854, the campaign of that year would have been such that we could look back upon it with pride. The emphatic testimony of our allies is the best record of what our soldiers did in that campaign, and it may suffice to say that it was the work of men. When military speakers wish to declare their disapprobation of the army as it is, they compare the regiments which they now see with those which they saw in the Crimea in June 1855, and they express the hope that such regiments may not be opposed to the existing army of any European Power. Mr. HARDY quotes military authorities who recommend that you should catch your recruit at eighteen years of age, but he omits to add that the same authorities advise that you should keep your recruit until he is thirty. This unfortunate Minister speaks like a counsel defending a murderer who is certain to be hanged. The existing system is con-

condemned by the admissions which its advocate is compelled to make. "There may be a great necessity—I am inclined to admit there is a necessity—that we should expedite the means of filling up the cadres in the case of urgent need." These words are attributed by the *Times* to Mr. HARDY, and no ingenuity of that journal can attenuate the force of them. Again, the same speaker is reported to have said:—"As long as the present system of sending abroad our oldest and most seasoned soldiers, and of keeping our youngest men at home, exists, so long will our army appear to be composed of an undue proportion of young soldiers." Surely these words, taken in their ordinary sense, are conclusive of the whole matter. Mr. HARDY cannot intend to suggest that the appearance of this army is different from its reality.

As Lord CARDWELL cannot answer with his own mouth speeches made in the House of Commons, it is only fair to see what can be said for his system in the *Times*. The Instructions on Recruiting are allowed to indicate a difficulty in obtaining a full supply of satisfactory recruits—"a difficulty probably felt by all employers in turn." These words, which have been used by the *Times* this week, are in the same strain as Mr. HARDY's speech of last week; they virtually abandon the case which they affect to maintain. It is true that the Railway Companies, and the police authorities, and other employers of labour, have felt this difficulty; and they have met it in the proper business-like way by offering increased direct pecuniary inducement to enter their respective services. It is only the largest and richest employer of labour—that is, the State—that attempts to get more than a shilling's worth for a shilling, and, as might be expected from the general intelligence of the working class, fails. It seems as if the War Office, when it issued these instructions, really believed that an old song represented an existing fact:—

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

The soldier on furlough might as well be instructed to say or sing these lines as to make known at his home the "advantages of the army" as per Appendix A. to G. O. 36 of 1874. We offer a shilling a day and advantages on which, as Mr. HARDY says, it is difficult to set a money value, and we want a man who is worth half-a-crown a day. It is not, however, desirable to increase largely the immediate pay. All experienced officers deprecate that step, while at the same time they urge a definite and considerable increase of deferred pay. As General SHUTE tersely puts it, the country must pay in purse or person. We should prefer to say that the country must pay in both; but let us clearly establish the defect and then consider as to the remedy. The *Times* quotes an Instruction of 1870, repeated in 1873, which directs the inspecting officer "to look principally to the man's general appearance, and consider whether he would as a regimental officer wish for such a recruit." The authorities are entitled to credit for issuing this Instruction, which nevertheless is likely to be construed even by officers who do not read Latin on the principle *quocunque modo rem*. Besides, a regimental officer may wish for, or be willing to take under ordinary circumstances, a youth as a recruit whom he would be sorry to lead next month on a campaign, knowing that he would be only an encumbrance. "These young men," says the *Times*, "will grow into strong and probably well-developed members of the Reserve Force," and in an emergency we should fall back, not upon raw recruits, but upon trained soldiers. This is about the best that can be said for Lord CARDWELL's plan, and our answer to it is twofold. In the first place, we must obstinately persist in looking, not at the future, but at the present; and in the present we have Mr. HARDY's authority for saying, not that the army is composed of an undue proportion of young soldiers, but that it appears to be so. The old maxim, "De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio," seems to be applicable to old and seasoned soldiers. They are perhaps at Gibraltar, or Malta, or in India, but they are not at this moment visible to the unassisted eye at home. And, secondly, supposing the individual soldiers of the Reserve Force to be promptly forthcoming in case of war, all the work of allotting them to regiments, clothing, equipping, and arming them would have to be done in those few days of anxious hurry within which a Continental country might be overrun. The pamphlets published by officers of more or less experience on Lord CARDWELL's system dwell strongly on this defect, which amounts to leaving the work of organization to be done after war has

broken out. The men of this Reserve Force would neither know their officers nor be known to them. It would be lucky if they could be got clothed before being sent on service; and although it is true that soldiers of some regiments fought at Waterloo in Militia uniforms, yet that precedent, if followed, might perhaps mislead us, for these reasons among others, that we have no WELLINGTON to command our army nor any Peninsular veterans to give it steadiness.

It is of course proper for Mr. HARDY to affect surprise that the Reserve is not likely to be completed as rapidly as had been anticipated. He thinks, and so do we, that his noble predecessor overestimated the number that would come in year by year. Further, he cannot help feeling that which strikes every experienced officer so strongly, that a Reserve should be organized before a war begins. Mr. HARDY got at last as far as saying, that whoever is War Minister must contemplate the possibility of having to call into action the ballot for the Militia. We may leave the present WAR MINISTER to contemplate this possibility, and at the same time to devise means for letting his noble predecessor down gently.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S guarded answer to the deputation which on Thursday brought under his notice the recent decision closing the Brighton Aquarium on Sundays will probably be regarded as on the whole satisfactory. He was of course careful not to commit the Government to anything very definite, but he indicated plainly enough his own sympathy with rational freedom; and it may be assumed that he will have no difficulty in persuading his colleagues to adopt a similar view. There is perhaps hardly any subject on which public opinion in this country is so little really divided as on that of the observance of Sunday. The idea of spending the day in the Continental fashion, with work and play going on together, is regarded with almost universal repugnance; but, on the other hand, there is equally little desire for the enforcement of a puritanical dulness and solemnity. Ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred are perfectly agreed that what is wanted is the largest amount of good-natured toleration which is compatible with the quiet and decorum which are deemed appropriate to the day. Delicate questions may of course now and then arise as to where the line is to be drawn, but the broad principle on which legislation should be based is clear enough, and is almost universally accepted. Sunday is not to be turned into a working day, with shops and theatres open as at other times; but every one is to be free to take his pleasure in his own way, as long as it does not seriously jar upon the feelings or comfort of the rest of the community. It is sometimes argued that, if any kind of public amusement is allowed on Sunday, all amusements must be made equally legal; but that is nonsense. There may be a very good reason why a respectable aquarium should be open on a Sunday, while plays and races are forbidden. The prevailing sentiment and temper of the public must in such a case be taken into account, and the question to be determined is simply how far any particular entertainment fits in with the sobriety and decorum of the day. Nothing can on the face of it be more monstrous than that public-houses which have only drink to offer should be left open, while places which possess other attractions in the way of natural history or pretty gardens are rigorously closed. It is obvious that the Brighton Aquarium is on a Sunday in exactly the same position as a public-house, except that it affords people something to look at as well as to drink, and that the chances are that the gratification of an innocent curiosity will tend to counteract the temptation to indulge too freely in stimulants. It is quite right that sports and theatrical performances should be prohibited on Sunday, inasmuch as they are out of keeping with the repose which is the object of the day; but any form of quiet recreation which does not employ much labour, and which competes with mere boozing in the public-house, should surely be rather encouraged than suppressed.

It cannot be doubted that the Act which has just been rescued from oblivion owes its continued existence to this day only to its having been utterly lost sight of; and it is impossible to imagine any enactment more completely at

variance with the temper or necessities of the present time. It is interesting to go back to the origin of the measure, and to observe the circumstances under which it was passed. The idea of it seems to have originated with Bishop PORTEUS, who, in a letter given in his Life, explains his reasons for it. The winter of 1780 was, he says, "distinguished by a new species of dissipation and pro-faneness" in the form of a Sunday evening Promenade which was held at Carlisle House in Soho Square. It professed to be a place where people merely walked up and down, talked, and drank tea and coffee; but the BISHOP declares that it was chiefly frequented by disreputable people for immoral purposes. This was denied by the proprietors of Carlisle House in a petition to Parliament, in which they drew a touching picture of the difficulties of "genteel people" for whom there was no "place of polite resort where conversation and exercise might be united in a general society on Sunday evenings" after divine service without subjecting persons of superior "rank to mix with inferior orders of people in tea-houses," and who were consequently tempted to go to "private" assemblies where play, music, and drinking were too "frequently introduced." It was therefore in the interests of sobriety and morality that they established the "decent" and virtuous institution of the Promenade, which was frequented by the "first" nobility of both sexes, the clergy, and justices of the peace; and if some persons of light behaviour did obtain admission, they were probably sent by enemies to discredit the place. Most people will be disposed to believe that the BISHOP was not far wrong as to the use which was made of the Promenade; but it was urged at the time of the debate that there was no necessity for a special Act to put down any disorders of this kind; and there can, at any rate, be no question that at the present day the general powers of the police are quite sufficient for the purpose. There was, however, another evil which distressed the good BISHOP perhaps even more than the Promenade, and this was the Sunday evening meetings which were held in public rooms, under the names of Christian Societies, Religious Societies, Theological Academies, &c., and at which all sorts of theological questions were discussed by ignorant and unauthorized persons, to the destruction, as Dr. PORTEUS contended, of all religious principle. Mr. Justice BLACKBURN suggested at the recent trial that the real object of these meetings was of a political character, but there is no indication of this either in Dr. PORTEUS's letter or in the speech of Solicitor-General MANSFIELD in introducing the Bill. It may be assumed, however, that free speech on any subject was regarded at that day as savouring of disaffection, and no doubt the Government thought it necessary on public grounds to silence troublesome talkers. This part of the Act has equally ceased to be applicable to the practices of the present day. It is true no doubt that there are still, as the preamble of the Act complains, "unlearned and incompetent" persons who take upon themselves to expound texts which they do not understand. But every kind of religious discussion which does not disturb public order is freely permitted, and there is nothing in the circumstance of money being taken at the doors to affect the character of the proceedings.

It will be observed that both parts of the Act have thus become obsolete. It has not been heard of for a great many years, and its resuscitation has excited general surprise and indignation. No abuses have, in fact, arisen during its suspension to justify its being once more revived, and if anything could make such a proceeding more intolerable, it would be that it is left at the caprice of any single fanatic to put it in operation. The effect of the law is of course not limited to the particular cases to which it has been applied, and a vast amount of inconvenience and injury must have been occasioned by this sudden springing of an unsuspected mine. Under these circumstances it is clearly the duty of the Government to lose no time in bringing the law into accordance with the common sense of the country. The natural course would be simply to repeal a law which for many years has never been enforced or even thought of; but the least that can be done is to place the operation of the Act under the control of the Law Officers of the Crown.

THE FUTURE OF THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

IT is undeniable that a sense of uneasiness has taken the place of the genial satisfaction with which the system of competition for public offices was till lately regarded. Even the

Spectator has lately appeared willing to concede the possession of "brains" to a few persons here and there who are so unfortunate as to have had great-grandfathers. In a decade or so a doubt may possibly arise in the mind of Sir Gregory Hardlines whether the complete abolition of patronage, selection, and nomination is not open to a few objections. In spite of Mr. Lowe's criticisms, and of Mr. Grant Duff's reassuring estimate of the physical and moral qualities of the rising generation of district officials in India, the whole subject, so far from being settled, is now engaging the attention of high authorities in three or four different quarters, to an extent which has had no parallel since the close of the Mutiny. The Civil Service Commissioners appear to hold that it is not desirable to make any important changes in the present mode of tuition and selection. One eminent member of the Indian Council has openly given his adherence to any plan which will enable selected candidates to complete their career at the Universities. And the members of Congregation at Oxford, while they would leave details to be settled and modifications to be introduced hereafter, incline to the opinion that a closer and more prolonged connexion of Indian candidates with the University will broaden the whole scheme of the academical course of study, will impart a polish to the rough material of successful competition, and will elevate the standard of official agency in India itself. While this inevitable triangular duel is going on between the authorities above referred to, and while the ultimate decision must await a reference to the Viceroy and the rulers of the Presidencies, we desire to contribute a few suggestions, and to consider the discussion under an aspect in which it does not appear to have suggested itself to more than one or two casual critics.

Every one will admit that a sprinkling of men who have taken honours at the English Universities, in a Civil Service no longer mainly consisting of nominees of Directors and hard-headed Scotchmen, is very desirable. And there may be no difficulty in acceding to the further proposition that certain branches of study specially needed by or imposed on the resident candidates should be taught by Professors at Oxford and Cambridge. At present the candidates, scattered about London, resort for instruction to a miscellaneous class of teachers who discharge the functions of Oriental Gurus, Pundits, and Munshis; missionaries retired from active life, ex-captains of the native army, natives whose power of imparting instruction is by no means on a par with their actual knowledge. But, granting that we could get over the difficulty pointed out by the Boden Professor, and that funds may be forthcoming to provide lecturers at Oxford for one additional vernacular language of Bengal, for two of Bombay, and probably for three of Madras, it by no means follows that it is expedient to force upon all selected candidates a residence at Oxford, still less that it is indispensable to bring the degree of B.A. within every man's reach. In saying this we do not endorse Mr. Lowe's preference for burying embryo civilians in the wilderness of London; nor do we rate very highly the kind of acquaintance with the mart, the counting-house, and the senate, which young men, none of whom are in very independent or affluent circumstances, are likely to acquire in their modest lodgings. It was of course to be expected that Mr. Lowe would not lose an opportunity of disparaging the studies to which he owes his debating power, or the University which practically made him what he is from what he was; but there are other difficulties in the way of a two or three years' residence. There is the question of expense, which is not easily surmounted, especially in the case of men who cannot complete their Indian studies without pecuniary assistance from the State. And it may appear invidious or unfair to localize at one University a scheme which has been broadly thrown open to all England. Then it is also possible to overrate the effect of the letters B.A. on the future career of the English official and on the native intellect. There is another phase of existence in which we must very soon begin to regard the civilian besides that of the undergraduate or the Bachelor of Arts. We have to view him as the Assistant Magistrate. A few years ago the Civil Service Commissioners published a list of appointments enjoyed by members of the Bengal Civil Service, with their emoluments and other particulars, and they very naturally dilated on the splendid opportunities for public utility and personal comfort, and on the dignity and independence now within the reach of men who required neither advocate nor patron to win them entrance into a charmed circle. Other writers gave point and effect to these seductive proclamations by showing what had already fallen to the lot of young men the offspring of competition, none of whom was over thirty. One man was Under-Secretary to the Government of his own Presidency. Another had been called up to the Supreme Government, or the Government of India, as it is correctly termed, and was passing his life delightfully between Calcutta in the cold season and Simla in the heat and rains. A third was Junior Secretary to a Board of Revenue charged with the collection and management of several millions. Of the rest, some were placed in frontier posts requiring a more than average amount of readiness, resources, and ability; and others were in charge of districts or subdivisions of districts which, somehow, were invariably compared to Yorkshire for their vast extent, and to parts of Belgium for their numerous population. All this was perfectly true. But while no mention was made of others who had not been quite so fortunate, who knew nothing of the delights of hill stations, and had not to advise on intricate problems affecting agriculture, exports, gaol management, police, conservancy urban and suburban, and so on,

these writers entirely omitted to point out the process of initiation by which young civilians became qualified for such dignified and influential places.

Now it is an Indian axiom that no official will be fit for picked situations in Secretariats and Boards until he has served an apprenticeship of some few years in the interior of the country, has learnt thoroughly the law and practice of the criminal and revenue courts, and has mixed as familiarly with the people as social, religious, and political differences will admit. No one, whatever his knowledge of jurisprudence, will in a twelvemonth be converted into a Registrar of one of the High Courts; nor, for all his classical tastes or literary accomplishments, will he be pitchforked at once into the Home, Financial, or Foreign Office. He must give some proof of ability to manage the native population, and to speak and write the native tongues. And active service in India is very often begun under circumstances of isolation and estrangement, while experience is gradually acquired by wading through petty, unattractive, and ignoble details. Society may be a blank. Some men are fortunately posted to the headquarters of divisions, where there is a Commissioner, a chaplain, and more than the usual number of Government officers. Others are sent to fine military cantonments, occupied by something besides the wing of a native regiment or a police battalion. But the larger proportion of candidates will be relegated to quiet stations where the English society is composed of a judge of twenty years' standing, another man who is at once head magistrate and chief collector, a couple of juniors in the same departments, a superintendent of police, and a civil surgeon. There the graduate or B.A. must make up his mind to forget his academical honours and go to school again. To distribute stamped papers, to superintend the weighing of retailed opium, to accompany the magistrate in his visits to the gaol or to the police, to take down the evidence and to decide the issues of petty squabbles in the bazaar, or to extract the small residuum of truth from a long tale of oppression vociferated by a wretched rustic who talks grandly of harried cattle, plundered crops, rifled garners, and ruined households; to breathe an official atmosphere of deceit, corruption, subterfuge, and chicanery; and, when the feeling of novelty has worn off, to be animated mainly by a sense of public duty and a hope of future advancement and honour—this may sound very easy in theory, but it has often proved unpleasant, revolting, and burdensome in practice. It may be argued, on the other hand, that this sort of life is preferable to an ill-paid curacy in an East-end parish, or to confinement in the City at a merchant's counting-house or a solicitor's desk. But where there is so little of florid Eastern romance, and so much of villanous Asiatic reality, it seems to us more germane to the matter to inquire, not what honorific additions the young civilian ought to carry out with him, but at what age he is most likely to take readily to drudgery in his *cutocherry*, and to adapt himself to duties which are irksome and depressing. Surely, when a young man has shown incontestably that he has been trained to exercise his memory, his imagination, his powers of assimilation and reproduction, as he must have done by passing for the Civil Service in a crowd of two hundred competitors, the sooner he can be set to actual work the better for himself and the people whom he is to govern. There are always at first some theories to be surrendered and some prejudices to be thrown overboard. Many things must be taken on tradition or trust; strange and repulsive details are to be mastered in the hope that accumulation of minute facts may lead to a power of correct generalization; and occasionally a sense of dissatisfaction and impatience has to be conquered when the candidate finds that the intellect which distanced competitors, delighted crammers, and extorted compliments from grave examiners, must be toned down to decide whether the policeman or the thief be the greater rascal, or whether a tale of assault and battery be a simple lie or a pardonable exaggeration. Many a classical scholar, we are afraid, who begins his career in banishment to Eastern Bengal or a hot station in the Punjab, thinks of the Roman shut up in Scriphus or Gyarus, and may deem his own lot not much better than the ragged official described by Juvenal, whose duty it was—

Vasa minor
frangere, pannosus vacuis ædilis Ulubris.

There is, we admit, a good deal to be said in favour of the plan of continuing to train young men who have gained appointments while yet under age, until they have passed their majority; for supplying, as far as possible, the blank left by the abolition of Haileybury; and for bringing the members of a service together in some new institution where they may be removed from temptation, subjected to salutary control and to "mutual attrition," and may keep up that sound *esprit de corps* which no disciplined and organized service can ever afford to ridicule or discard. But a most important question is the precise age at which elasticity of temperament and soundness of scholarship are most likely to be found united. No discussion as to the value of academical distinctions can ignore this. And we trust that no anxiety to crown this career by a Bachelor's degree will blind authorities to practical issues which concern the soundness and efficiency of the whole Indian administration. Given a set of men with intellects disciplined to grasp and assimilate new facts, and with characters of weight enough to command and enforce the respect of strange nations, and neither Sikh Sirdar, nor haughty Rajput, nor deute Pandit from Mithila or Benares will stop to inquire whether their rulers have stayed long enough at the cloisters of Oxford to add two or three unknown and mysterious quantities to their official titles. There

is not the least fear that pure scholarship and intellectual ability will be found deficient under the present system of recruiting the Civil Service. What we want to secure is the elastic and energetic temperament which is not unfavourably impressed by close contact with a depraved Eastern civilization, and the vigorous judgment which shows that the modern Englishman, like the old Roman, is born to govern and command.

But while doctors are disputing about length of terms and academic distinctions, another and a much more unpleasant question has arisen in the minds of those who have long passed beyond the precincts of lecture-rooms and the dread of examiners. A Correspondent of the *Times* has well expressed the dissatisfaction of his contemporaries at finding that many positions in the Punjab, Oudh, and what are known as the non-regulation provinces, have been assigned to military men and to members of the uncovenanted service, to the manifest prejudice of the carefully trained Civil competition. It seems to be admitted both by the Government of India and by the late Secretary of State that the present generation of civilians have "grave reason for complaint"; that they have relied on gracious assurances which have not been fulfilled; and that officers of the staff corps and nominees of Lieutenant-Governors are sharing the posts or monopolizing the salaries which had been held out as attractions for the regular Covenanted Service. Mr. Lowe has given notice of another question which the published correspondence seems fully to justify. But there is another quarter from which the interests and privileges of the Civil Service are now threatened to which no great publicity has been given in England. When the Government of the East India Company ceased in 1858, and that of the Queen succeeded, it was provided that all the existing laws about appointments, employments, and promotions should remain in force, and that "such persons only as had been certified by the Civil Service Commissioners should be appointed to the Civil Service." Shortly after this gratifying assurance, which was confirmed by the English Commissioners in their Report to Government, some little alarm and anxiety was occasioned by the passing of an Act, in 1861, which declared that persons other than covenanted officers might be appointed to posts hitherto exclusively reserved for members of the service. Several members of the Indian Council, including such men as Sir Charles Mills, Mr. Mangles, and Lord Lawrence, then a member of that body, stoutly protested against the Act as a positive breach of faith. Nothing, however, was really done after the law had passed. It was, in England and India, believed to be *brutum fulmen*, and the discontent died away. But in 1870 a second Act was passed, which authorized the Viceroy, with the consent of the Secretary of State, to let into the Civil Service *per saltum* natives of India who had not won their spurs by competitive examination, but had practically shown remarkable qualifications in subordinate posts. Still no action was taken on this further measure, because no rules were framed to give it effect. Very recently, however, it has become known in India that the Government now intends to make this enactment a living force instead of a dead record. And from a memorial printed for circulation amongst the Civil Servants it is very clear that this announcement has created serious alarm amongst the whole body in Bengal. A remonstrance, couched in dignified and respectful language, has been addressed to the Secretary of State. From one point of view the arguments of the memorialists seem perfectly conclusive and morally unanswerable. Solemn promises, they say, have been made; long lists of appointments have been guaranteed exclusively to those who come in at the door, and do not climb over the wall; young men of education and intelligence have, on the faith of these guarantees, been invited to compete and to abandon home and friends for an Indian career. Now they are suddenly told that natives are to be put in over their heads, or at least may be suddenly placed in judgeships and so forth, to which the civilian magistrate and collector had been all along taught to look as his own. It seems to us no argument in reply to this to say that the number of appointments which will be bestowed on Govindo Lalla from Delhi, or on the Boses and Ghoses of Bengal, will not exceed three or four in any one year. Nothing will justify a deliberate want of faith. And nothing can be more injurious to good government than to foster a disloyal and discontented spirit in the Civil Service. It would be the next thing to a mutiny of the army.

The subject is too large to be discussed at the close of an article; and we shall only say, in conclusion, that if it be necessary to promote natives of tried merit and capacity to more lucrative situations, the thing can easily be done by the creation of three or four special appointments to be held by them, or by raising the salaries of native incumbents to a degree commensurate with their characters and services. It is no doubt very right to associate natives with us in the government of their own country, and to invest the Viceroy and his lieutenants with the power of selecting first-rate Mohammedans and Hindus for this end. But the good will of the Oriental community or of old native families would be dearly purchased by any measures which would engender bitterness and irritation among the whole body of Englishmen, or which would afford any foundation whatever for a popular belief that a great Government had deliberately preferred political expediency to the redemption of solemn pledges, and to the maintenance of public good faith.

THE SERMON TRADE.

THE irrepressible Sermon question has once more broken out, and the comments which have been made upon it reveal the difficulty of getting any hearing for the most obvious considerations of common sense. Young clergymen, it appears, are in the habit of buying manuscript or lithographed sermons and preaching them as their own. The dealers in this commodity use their power, it is further said, to extort money from their victims. When a man has once bought such articles, he is threatened with exposure if he does not continue to subscribe; and there are some clergymen, it is added, weak enough to give in to such threats. Upon all which there are two or three obvious remarks. A man who buys a sermon and tries to pass it off for his own is guilty of a dishonourable action, and deserves a certain amount of inconvenience. The practice ought, if possible, to be put down; though it is so easy to conceal it that its complete suppression is not very likely to take place. As for the supposed extortion, we can only say that it is an interesting illustration of the want of worldly wisdom characteristic of a certain part of the clergy. We will not say that a man who is poor-spirited enough to submit to such bullying deserves what he gets; but we must agree that he is one of those feeble creatures who are pretty sure to come to grief in one way or other in a world full of cheats and extortioners. We should be very glad to hear that one of the scoundrels who carry on such practices was caught and punished; but we would hope that the extent of this particular roguery was over-estimated.

The further question is of course raised, how the system of sermon-writing is to be put upon a better footing? Why are the clergy—or some of them—forced to such unworthy expedients? The difficulty is not to answer such a question, but to imagine why anybody should ask it. Let us endeavour to obtain some kind of measure of the literary value of the ordinary sermon. Anybody who desires to know what is within the power of the average clergyman may take up one of the inferior magazines and read one of the articles which serve for "padding." He will probably admit that it has neither style nor thought, and that, in short, it is the kind of stuff of which a clever man might pour out an indefinite supply without preparation, and which is useful, at most, to beguile a dull ten minutes waiting for a train. Yet we must remember that the article has been written by some one who probably makes or ekes out a living by it, and who has very strong motives, if not for doing his best, at least for keeping up to a certain mark necessary to secure regular employment. It has very probably cost the author a good deal of pains and polish, and represents his most serious work, not the occupation of his spare hours. The author moreover has had the choice of a wide range of subjects, and has hit upon that which he thinks likely to be popular at the moment. He is not restrained by any severe sense of decorum, and can use as freely as possible any telling illustrations which occur to him. Moreover, if editors speak the truth, they probably receive at least a score of similar articles for every one that they publish. The author, that is, is in some sense a picked man, and possesses powers of writing which, however small their intrinsic value, are distinctly above the average. And yet the only result is the production of a kind of stuff which runs through the reader's mind without making any definite impression. He will no more remember it a week after reading it than he will remember the peculiar flavour of an ordinary mutton-chop a year after its consumption.

Now the majority of the young clergy who enlighten us week by week are necessarily of the calibre, not of the writers of such articles, but of the writers of the rejected articles, or perhaps rather of those who do not even aspire to write articles. They have no literary taste whatever, and, but for the compulsion of their profession, would no more write sermons than they would indulge in acrobatic performances before their congregations. They have to write upon subjects which have been treated thousands—we should rather say millions—of times by men of much greater power than themselves. Every conceivable reflection bearing upon the topic has been expressed over and over again in every possible variety of form by the greatest and by the weakest men who have occupied the pulpit in all ages. What is to be hoped under such circumstances? Why should we be absurd enough to expect anything remarkable or original from thousands of young men, who have accumulated scraps enough of secondhand thought to satisfy their examiners, and who are immediately ordered to get into the pulpit and enlighten the world by the practice of one of the most difficult of arts? In English public life the power of making a good speech is the greatest recommendation to power, and is valued, as some people say, at a preposterous rate. And yet, though every member of Parliament has the strongest possible motives for attaining excellence, and has to speak upon subjects which awake the liveliest interest, there are probably not half a dozen men in the House of Commons who can really produce an oratorical effect. Why should we suppose that a power so sparsely distributed should be found in a greater number of average young men, speaking, not because they have something to say, but because they are forced to say something? So long as our system is what it is, we must be utterly unreasonable not to be amply content if out of a hundred sermons there is one that is passably good. Of the ninety-nine others it should be quite as much as we can fairly expect if they are—as they generally are—thoroughly inoffensive.

The facts, indeed, are too obvious to be overlooked. How is an improvement to be obtained? Various suggestions are regularly

put forward upon these occasions. One is that young men should be trained to speak; another, that they should be encouraged to preach the sermons of other people; and a third, that preaching should not be exacted from all the clergy. We cannot discuss fully proposals which would involve very serious changes in the ecclesiastical organization of the country; but there are two or three considerations which require to be often put forward, because they are so often overlooked. The theory, for example, that the clergy ought to be trained to speak may be a good one in its way; but it is palpably and ludicrously insufficient. The first condition of good oratory is that the orator should have something to say. No amount of training in the proper manner of speaking can remedy the defect of utter emptiness of mind. To train a man to make utter insipidity of thought interesting in expression is a hopeless task. The theory that this part of the art can be taught is like the theory that sufficient training would enable a cart-horse to win the Derby. Where the original force is wanting, no amount of training and pruning away of faults can give positive excellence. You can teach a man to open his mouth and keep his lungs full, but if the only result is the clearer utterance of nonentities, the labour will produce little result. Something perhaps might be done towards the eradication of certain awkward tricks of demeanour; but it is hopeless to suppose that any quantity of polish bestowed upon a common pebble will make it into a diamond, or that you can drill the ordinary young Englishman into oratorical excellence. With infinite pains you can teach some lads not to make gross false quantities; but no labour will teach one in a hundred to write passable Latin verse. The task of making orators is still more difficult, and, indeed, but for the regular recurrence of the advice to attempt it in letters to the newspapers, we should have thought that the plan would have been universally abandoned. The objections are too palpable to be worth dilating on.

It is at first sight a more promising plan to propose that preachers should openly make use of other men's writing. Addison suggested this device in the case of Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain a century and a half ago, and it has been tried often enough. Mr. Bellew, we are told, who was a good reader, though not a first-rate thinker, used to charm his congregations with sermons from South and Jeremy Taylor. But the plan will not bear investigation. The art of good reading, in the first place, is not much less difficult than the art of good speaking, nor much more capable of being taught. Few men are born with the dramatic instinct any more than with the rhetorical; and without some share of that instinct, reading always wants the vivacity of the utterance of one's own thoughts. "A poor thing, but mine own," is a sufficient defence of many inferior sermons. The real difficulty, however, is with the congregation. If a man conceals the practice, he is acting dishonourably; if he openly avows it, he will find that his congregation will infallibly begin to yawn. Perhaps they may be wrong, but that is not the question. The fact is, we believe, undeniable, and might be established by the experience of many who have tried the plan. Nor is it so unreasonable as appears at first sight. The pleasure of hearing good oratory depends upon the sense of being brought into personal contact with the orator. It is the electric flash of sympathy which makes listening to living speech so incomparably more effective than reading. The book acts like a non-conducting medium. The thoughts may be far better, and the language more perfect; but the life and the spirit are gone. You are not brought into contact with the speaker, but hearing something which he thinks would be good for you. When a man gives you his own thoughts, you recognize by an instinct which defies analysis his sincerity, his earnestness, and the strength of his emotion. When he is giving you another man's thoughts, you may perhaps be interested; but there is no spontaneous thrill of sentiment conveyed by the speaker's presence. If we were perfectly logical human beings, affected equally by the same argument, whatever its origin, the case would be different. But the very theory of oratory is founded on the fact that we are not logical. Oratory is the art of enforcing argument by personal sympathy; and anything which breaks the rule is fatal to its success. The preacher should be allowed to become sometimes a reader; but in being a reader he necessarily adopts a radically different position in regard to his audience, and loses half his power.

There remains a method which certainly seems more to the purpose. The best remedy for bad oratory is to silence the orator. If the preachers who cannot preach were allowed to hold their tongues, and if those who can preach had greater opportunities, there can be no doubt that the general level of sermons might be raised. If, in short, the duty of preaching were made a separate branch of the clerical profession, we should speedily find an improvement in sermons. To teach a man oratory by a series of lectures is, as we have said, a hopeless task; but there is a way in which a man of natural capabilities may be encouraged to bring them to greater perfection. That is, by allowing him to devote himself to oratory as a profession, and to feel that his success in life depends upon it. An art which cannot be taught in the schools may be perfected in the great school of life. A lawyer or a politician learns what is the most effective way of employing his talents as a speaker, because his rise to the Bench or the Cabinet is materially affected by his success. A clergyman may have higher motives, though the lower need not be entirely excluded. If preaching were a distinct clerical function, to which those clergymen only were told off who showed some natural aptitude, sermons would not only be delivered by abler speakers, but the preachers themselves would be able to bring their art to

greater perfection. They would make the delivery of sermons their main object, instead of intercalating the composition of a sermon into the spare half-hours which intervene between other duties. Persons to whom nature had denied the faculty would not be forced to inflict themselves upon drowsy audiences. By such a system there can be no doubt that the average merit of sermons might be considerably improved. Whether it would on other grounds be desirable is a question far too wide for discussion here. We need only observe that there is something to be set against the obvious advantages. There is an advantage, within certain limits, in forcing all clergymen to preach, and we have already indicated its nature. The weekly sermon, however feeble it may be, does produce a certain personal relation between the clergyman and his congregation which can be gained in no other way. The discipline may be good for the preacher, if not for the audience. It forces him to ask himself regularly what he has to say that ordinary people will care to hear, and to consider what are the topics which will move the mass of mankind to share the opinions and adopt the practices which he recommends. These are very important considerations, and, though the necessity of preaching may sometimes make him callous instead of sensitive to his responsibilities, perhaps the average result may be to force upon the clergy a keener sense than they would otherwise have of the necessity of being provided with a plain answer to some very plain questions.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IT cannot be doubted that in one way or another the country gets value for its money spent on Arctic exploration. Without adopting extravagant hopes from the expedition which starts to-day, we may at least say that it will be a useful school of seamanship, and will add considerably to scientific knowledge. If we could disregard political considerations, it would be difficult to understand the motive of that misnamed economy which has hitherto refused to prosecute, with the increased facilities supplied by steam, the researches of sailing-ships by which Parry, John and James Ross, and their associates and successors enhanced at once the reputation and efficiency of their country's navy. However, the present Government has taken a step both popular and prudent in providing an outlet for the enterprise of seamen, and a subject for public interest which is at least wholesome, although liable perhaps to be carried to a ludicrous extreme. Among the encouragements to British seamen in former times to do their duty we do not remember that the speeches and recitations of the Mayor of Portsmouth had any appreciable effect. Captain Nares and his officers and crews are more fortunate than their predecessors in this service, for to them *laudator eloquentissimus* has become appropriated even before their exploits have been performed. It is mentioned as an important or interesting circumstance that the same gentleman who has been making speeches to the Arctic expedition also made a speech to Lord Napier of Magdala, and another Mayor of Portsmouth made a speech to the Ashantee troops. We may add that a clever French musician, becoming for the time more English than the English themselves, produced a grand composition, vocal and instrumental, on the subject of the Ashantee war, and the same talent might perhaps be induced to exercise itself upon a voyage to the North Pole.

One result of the employment of steam in these expeditions is that they need not start so early in the season as was formerly necessary. In 1850 steam was just beginning to be used, but only for tenders to the ships principally relied on; and we find that the *Resolute* and *Assistance* sailing-ships, accompanied by the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid* steamers arrived at Yarmouth on their outward voyage on the 4th May. The late Rear-Admiral Sherard Osborn, who commanded the *Pioneer* in this voyage, conveys a clear idea of the pace set by the sailing-ships by quoting the old seaman's song:—

We sailed by Fairlee, by Beachey, and Dungeness,
Until the North Foreland light we did see.

But a "nor-wester" on the Scotch coast irresistibly dispersed the squadron. The sailing-ships hauled dead on a wind under close-reefed topsails performed a stationary movement called "pile-driving" by sailors, which would, if the breeze had lasted, have carried them to the coast of Holland. The two steam-vessels meanwhile drew rapidly away. Their ill-assorted comrades did not sight Cape Farewell until the 27th May. "Our bluff-bowed worse halves," as Sherard Osborn called the sailing-ships, nigh broke hearts as well as hawsers for the screw-steamers which dragged them along in calms. Yet the "bluff-bowed" form of ship was adopted for what is called "crashing through the pack," and it was probably in such a ship that Parry reached a higher latitude than has ever been attained since. It is not, therefore, wonderful that shipwreck and disaster were prophesied for the attendant steamers of 1850, although now steam is regarded as indispensable in Arctic exploration. Osborn, as might be expected from his turn of mind, did not greatly believe in the bluff-bowed form, and considered himself quite as safe and more comfortable in a steamer. His impatience of the duty of dragging his "fat friend" the *Resolute* about at the rate of three miles per hour was only soothed by criticism on her shape. She and the *Assistance* were rigged as barks, and their hulls were strengthened according to the most orthodox Arctic rules, until, instead of presenting the appearance of a body intended for progress through the water, they resembled nothing so much as very ungainly snuff-boxes; and

their bows formed a buttress which rather pushed the water before it than passed through it. Osborn, as he dragged his clumsy charge about, used to think of the remark of a seaman who had grown grey amongst the ice:—"Lord, sir! you would think by the quantity of wood they are putting into them ships that the dockyard maties believed they could stop the Almighty from moving the flocs in Baffin's Bay. Every pound of African oak they put into them the less likely they are to rise to pressure, and you must in the ice either rise or sink." It should be mentioned to the credit of the *Resolute* that, being afterwards abandoned in the ice by order of Sir Edward Belcher, she remained fast all winter, slipped out in spring, and was coming home without a soul on board, when some Americans boarded and took charge of her. It may be doubted whether a ship of the "bread and butter build" would have done that. The internal fittings of these ships were, according to the ideas of that day, perfect. The steamers were sister ships which had belonged originally to a cattle conveyance Company, and although Osborn describes them as "bread-and-butter built," he seems to have persuaded himself, as sailors can, to believe intensely in the qualities of his own ship. His only wish was that she and her sister ship could have been sent alone and fully provisioned, and he had full confidence amidst ice in the fine form of these ships' bows, although he admits that many persons, who at least supposed themselves to understand something of Arctic voyaging, thought of him, as the Plymouth boatman did of the Brazilian frigate when she ran down the break-water in a fog, "Happy beggar, he knows nothing and he fears nothing." Each ship made up her store of coal at the Whale Islands to 300 tons, which, at an average consumption of seven tons per day, would enable her to tow her sailing consort 3,000 miles, or to steam alone 5,000 miles, carrying twelve or eighteen months' provisions. It is stated that the *Discovery*, one of the ships of the present expedition, at a speed of five knots per hour, consumes 2'55 cwt. per hour, or rather more than three tons per day. Thus her speed would be greater than that of the *Pioneer*, while her consumption of coal would be less than half. But the speed of the *Discovery* has thus far been tested only at the measured mile. She will carry 188 tons of coal, which, consuming three tons per day, would last sixty-three days, whereas the *Pioneer's* stock at seven tons per day would last only forty-three days; and besides, the *Pioneer* was not, as the *Discovery* is, a fully-provisioned ship. The more just comparison would be between the *Pioneer*, with her sailing consort in tow, and the *Discovery*, and in this case the speed of the former would be only seventy miles per day, or not much more than half the speed of the latter as shown at the measured mile. It might be expected that in a quarter of a century thus much improvement would be effected in the application of steam to Arctic voyaging. The abortive expedition of Sir Edward Belcher in 1852 was the last expedition undertaken at the national cost, and therefore this of the *Pioneer* and consorts was the last but one. In one respect perhaps there was a resemblance between that expedition and the present. "We were called heroes," says Osborn, "long before we had earned our laurels." However, it is not the fault of our navy if public speakers and writers are apt to get into altitudes about it. The laudation, although sometimes extravagant, is really bottomed upon fact, whereas nobody not officially inspired can even pretend to speak with confidence of the army.

A remark made by Osborn in this voyage was doubtless kept in mind when he advised the present expedition. He says that on every side of the Southern Pole the seaman meets with icebergs. But it is not so in the North. In the 360 degrees of longitude which intersect the parallel of 70 degrees north latitude, icebergs are only found over an extent of some 55 degrees of longitude, and this is in and about Greenland and Baffin's Bay. This fact, he thought, pointed strongly to the possibility that no extensive land existed round the Northern Pole. "Of course," he adds, "the more firmly we can bring ourselves to believe in the existence of an ocean-road leading to Behring's Straits, the better heart we shall feel in searching the channels and islands." This seems to have been written in August 1850, and in May of the same year he mentioned that Captain Collinson had gone to Behring's Straits with two ships, which, as we now know, discovered independently the North-West passage. It seems a pity, for the sake both of science and seamanship, that these, to say the least, plausible conjectures have been left, as far as we are concerned, so long untested. As long as there is any unknown land or sea, it is worth while for this country to explore it. But this should be systematically done in a series of expeditions; whereas it is to be feared that, as we are now making an unusual effort, we shall expect a grand result, and be disappointed if it should not be realized. It is evident that Osborn expected much from the use of steam in these explorations; and if the spirit which sent forth Cook and Parry had existed at the Admiralty in our time, we should know much better what steamers can do in ice. But the Admiralty moves only as public opinion urges, and more frequently not even then, and public opinion depends a good deal on newspapers. We ought therefore to be grateful for the interest that has been excited in the present expedition, and we only hope it will continue. The journals of Osborn, as well as of other Arctic voyagers, are full of hopeful observations. Thus, he says that in a year he had learned the fallacy of supposing that in deep-water channels flocs continue to increase in thickness from year to year. Increased knowledge of the Arctic region is encouraging; but it would be well to remember a lesson which some of us have learned in brief experience among ice and snow in Europe.

That which is difficult or impossible in one month or year may be surprisingly easy in another. Much depends on skill and endurance, but more on the patience which waits for opportunity. So much attention has been paid of late years to the health and comfort of our seamen that great improvements may be expected on the cooking and lodging arrangements of five-and-twenty years ago. Yet it may be satisfactory to remember what Osborn tells us, that in the winter quarters of the *Pioneer* in 1850 monotony was their enemy, but hardship there was none; for all they underwent at that time in the shape of cold, hunger, or danger was voluntary. When spring came and sledging expeditions began, this, of course, was different; but every man no doubt joyfully exchanged monotony for hardship. The same feeling will equally prevail with the crews who depart this day. It seems reasonable to assume that the unknown circumpolar region must consist of land, ice, or water, and it may be expected that a judicious combination of steam navigation, boating, and sledging will yield considerable results. But still much depends on circumstances.

THE NEW FOREST.

IN the New Forest may be seen a kind of controversy which is perhaps without a parallel elsewhere. There is a traditional account of events which is accepted, seemingly without much inquiry, by all received historians of England, down to the latest, while it is the local mind which grows sceptical and calls established authorities in question. No doubt the more usual state of things is to be found there also, but it exists not, as usual, by itself, but alongside of what seems like a reversed order of nature. There are of course local traditions of the Forest, for which the scholar, as in other places, asks for the authority and finds none. To this we are used everywhere; but it is peculiar to the Forest that local inquirers make an assault which is by no means to be despised on those authorities in which the general scholar is most in the habit of trusting. That men should not know, or should not understand, or should not care about, the witness which Florence and Orderic and William of Malmesbury bear as to the state of things in their own age is a thing which we meet with every day. What we do not meet with every day is for local inquirers to bring charges which are not frivolous and vexatious, charges which, to say the least, deserve an answer, against Orderic and Florence and William of Malmesbury. The received tale as to the making of the New Forest is as well known as the tale of Alfred burning the cakes. The Chronicle indeed gives no details. It simply says that the Conqueror made a "mickle deer-frith." But no one can doubt that by this the New Forest is meant, and the writers next in authority, beginning with Florence, are full and eloquent in their details. Before William's time the district was fertile and populous, full of houses and churches; but the land was seized, houses and churches—thenumber of the latter is variously given—were pulled down, and the land laid waste in order that the King might have a wider range for the sports of the field in the neighbourhood of his capital at Winchester. It was held in popular belief, and the belief was shared by the gravest writers of the age, that for this crime a curse hung over William's house, and that the curse showed itself in the deaths within the Forest of three of his immediate descendants, in those of his son Richard, of his grandson of the same name the son of Robert, and, above all, in the famous and mysterious fate of William Rufus.

This is the tale as it stands, not only in popular abridgments, but in all the most trustworthy histories, ancient and modern. It is indeed very likely that the expressions of the ancient writers have been to some extent misunderstood, because in modern speech a forest always means trees, and the notion of making a forest suggests to most minds the notion of planting the whole space with trees. A forest, in short, is commonly understood to mean the same thing as a wood, only larger. But all that the word *forest* strictly implies is that a district so called was reserved for purposes of sport, and was put under the peculiar jurisdiction of the forest laws. Within every such district large parts would in the nature of things be thickly wooded, but wood is not the meaning of the word *forest*, nor was any forest wholly covered with wood. "Habet silvam in foresta" is an entry which is found more than once in Domesday. If therefore popular belief conceives William to have planted the whole district with trees, popular belief has so far misunderstood the ancient writers; but as far as the statements go that a large tract of land was deliberately laid waste, and that houses and churches were overthrown, so far popular belief only repeats the statement of the ancient writers. Domesday moreover shows beyond doubt that many neighbouring estates had been wholly or partly taken into the Forest, and that places which had been the habitation of men were the habitation of men no longer. In a great number of cases it is mentioned that, when a man's land had been taken into the Forest, his meadow-land, much or little, was left to him. Of the destruction of churches there is no certain mention in the Survey, while one church, and perhaps another, are spoken of as standing. But the entries about churches in Domesday are so capricious that it would be equally unsafe to infer from this either that no churches were pulled down or that all were pulled down except one or two. Domesday, however, shows that afforestation did not imply, as no rational person would think that it did imply, the complete depopulation of the district. The Forest to this day has its inhabi-

tants, with their special laws, customs, and officers. And there are tracts within the Forest which are not of the Forest; districts with the Forest all round them, but to which the forest laws do not apply. One is tempted to think that these in some cases represent the land which was left to the owners. Thus, at Minstead, Godric Malf had in King Edward's day three hides and a half, but at the time of the Survey his sons had only half a hide, because the rest was in the Forest. In the old times the estate had been worth eight pounds yearly; it had sunk, probably at the very moment of the afforestation, to fifteen shillings, and was at the time of the Survey reckoned at twenty shillings. It is impossible to believe that this great difference was caused merely by throwing Godric's wood or waste land into the Forest. To lose seven-eighths of his income, he must have lost much cultivated and really valuable land. There is now a Manor of Minstead, which is not in the Forest, but which is much larger in extent than the half hide of Godric's sons. This looks very much as if some land at some time or other had been disafforested. Again, there are places where trees must either have been planted or allowed to grow up where at one time no trees could have been. Thus the ancient fortification of Mallwood Castle, older than William, older doubtless than Cerdic, is now covered with wood, which it doubtless was not when it served as the military post of any people. Thoroughly to understand the whole matter would call for a most minute knowledge of every piece of ground in the district, combined with an equally minute knowledge of the language of Domesday and of the history and customs of its age. The unlucky thing is that here, as elsewhere, the general and the special knowledge are so seldom found in the same person.

It is thus impossible to throw aside the distinct witness of the authorities from which alone we can get the history of those times, that the making of the New Forest, the "mickle deer-frith," really did bring about a considerable amount of destruction. On one point of no small importance we are left wholly to guess-work. Among those whose estates were cut short to make the Forest were many otherwise unknown Englishmen; but there were also some Normans of the highest rank. It would hardly have suited William's prudence in the latter case, it would not have suited his spirit of formal legality in either case, to take away the lands of either class without making some show of compensation. We may guess that both classes got either money or land elsewhere in exchange for the land which they had to give up; but we can do more than guess. But in any case they had to give up their land; in any case places which had been the habitation of man were laid waste to become the dwelling of the wild beast. It is in vain to attempt to set aside such evidence as we have for this fact as mere invention, as the mere outpouring of English dislike to the Conqueror. But when from the general fact of destruction we come to the amount of destruction, on that point it must be allowed that the local inquirers who have called in question the received account have a good case. There certainly is, as there could hardly fail to be, a large amount of exaggeration in the story told by the ancient writers. Something was clearly destroyed, but clearly not so much as we should infer from their descriptions. We need not stop to discuss the figures which some of them give us, the number of churches which were pulled down, or the number of miles over which the devastation was spread; one of the first things which the historical critic learns is to distrust all figures, whether in those times or in his own. If two or three churches were pulled down, they would be multiplied in common belief into twenty or thirty. And it is quite certain that the Forest district, as a whole, could never have been the fertile and thickly inhabited land which some of the ancient writers paint it. It needs no special knowledge either of geology or of agriculture to see that large tracts of waste, treeless land within the Forest bounds could never have been of any greater worth than they are now. It was most likely because the district was so full of wild land that William chose it to make a forest, and added to it pieces of cultivated land here and there which lay convenient. It is for local inquiry to map out each particular spot, and to trace its history. The general historian, comparing the look of the country with the entries in Domesday and the statements of ancient writers, can come only to the general conclusion that the received account is neither to be accepted literally nor to be cast aside as mere fiction. Some amount of destruction was wrought in the making of the mickle deer-frith, but not nearly so much as we should be led to think from the wail which is sent up by Florence and Orderic.

Some of the arguments which have been brought against the received story—in Mr. Wise's book on the New Forest, for instance—come to very little. Some of them are founded on utter misunderstanding of the age and its feelings. Mr. Wise says:—

The chroniclers had every reason to malign William. His very position was enough. He had pressed with a heavy hand on the old English nobles, stripped them of their lands, their civil power, and their religious houses; and failing to learn, had, like a second Attila, tried to uproot their language.

We need hardly say that the chroniclers do not malign William, but do him full justice; and, whether Attila tried to uproot any languages or not, William certainly never tried to uproot that English tongue which was the language of his own writs. Again, it proves nothing against the destruction of churches by William to show that there are churches in the Forest which must have been built in his days or later. And it proves absolutely nothing to say, as we have heard said, that, if houses and churches

have been pulled down, it would be possible to trace their foundations. People do not seem to know that even stone buildings were often built without any foundations, and that, in this district of Hampshire, we may be sure that, not only houses, but churches too, were mere buildings of wood; a whole city of them might be swept away, and leave no sign at all, within a much less time than eight hundred years.

On the other hand, while local inquiry in this district has really done service by calling in question, though a little too fiercely, a received belief which is certainly exaggerated, the historian finds in the Forest district, as in others, some strange local beliefs, the authority for which it is easier to ask for than to find. It is strange that even Sir Francis Palgrave could have believed in a man bearing the hereditary surname of Purkiss in the time of William Rufus. The charcoal-burner Purkiss may fairly go to keep company with Coplestone and the others who were at home when the Conqueror came, and with the Sir John Ashburnham who defended Dover Castle against William. A spot, as every one knows, is shown as the place where Rufus fell, though, except the statement that it was on the site of a destroyed church, there is nothing to fix it to one part of the Forest more than another. Now this story about the destroyed church is worth notice on two grounds. On the one hand, the tale could hardly have arisen unless there had been some destroyed churches; on the other hand, if there were any destroyed churches, popular belief would be certain to fix the death of Rufus, in whatever part of the Forest it happened, on the site of one of them. The statement therefore proves nothing as to the particular place where Rufus fell. It does prove something as to the general fact that some churches were destroyed. Then there is a manor called Avon Tyrrell, and a place called Tyrrell's Forge, and a story that the manor of Avon Tyrrell pays a yearly sum to the Crown, as a fine because Walter Tyrrell in his flight had his horse shod at that forge. That there is a manor of Avon Tyrrell, and that it pays a yearly sum to the Crown, are undoubted facts; but, as it clearly takes its name from a family of the name of Tyrrell who held it in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, we must ask for some documentary evidence before we believe that the manor, the forge, or the payment has anything to do with the alleged slayer of the Red King. William Rufus, the Chronicler tells us, was slain of his own men. It is certain that general belief at the time looked on Walter Tyrrell as the slayer. It is equally certain that Walter Tyrrell himself, long after, when he had nothing to hope or to fear any way, solemnly denied to Abbot Suger that he knew anything about the matter. There are therefore no very certain grounds for the historian to go upon; but the popular belief, strengthened by the later presence of Tyrrells in the neighbourhood, is quite enough to account for the growth of any number of stories about manors, fines, and horse-shoes.

THE PRUSSIAN BISHOPS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

WE made only a passing reference at the time to the war of words which has been going on between the Prussian Bishops and the Ministry. But now that an elaborate rejoinder to the Ministerial rescript of April 9, in reply to their previous memorial, has at length been issued by the Bishops, it may be worth while to examine a little more fully into the dispute between them. As we said before, it is hopeless to suppose that the Bishops and Prince Bismarck can ever agree, and he has certainly done his best to make such agreement even more impossible than before by his way of meeting their remonstrances. To repeat our previous summary of his reply, he tells them that what they say is nonsense. We might have added that he goes even further, and tells them, almost in so many words, that their statements are false, and that they know it. There may of course be reasons satisfactory to himself, but not obvious to a looker-on, for adopting this trenchant method of controversy; but it is certainly unusual in official documents, and it does not strike one at first sight as either dignified or discreet. Even if the Government had throughout the best of the argument, they would have lost nothing by the use of a more diplomatic style. But, whatever may be thought of the merits or demerits of the Falk laws, it requires a very thoroughgoing partisan indeed to maintain that in this correspondence the Government have the best of it, except, indeed, when they descend into the quasi-theological arena, and achieve a sort of personal victory by seizing the cast-off weapons of the Bishops to turn them against themselves. It is always tempting, though hardly generous, to urge on those who have suffered from neglecting our advice the consolatory reflection, "I told you so." And the temptation must have been still stronger to Prince Bismarck to remind the Bishops, who complain bitterly of what it has all along suited him to represent as a necessary consequence of the Vatican decrees, that five years ago they themselves predicted this very consequence. That there is really any moral connexion between the Vatican dogmas and the Falk laws has still to be proved, and in any case the wisdom of a mere *ad hominem* retort is often more than questionable. But there can be no doubt that the Ministerial rescript carried its sting in the tail, and it was perhaps on purpose that what was felt to be the most effective, if the least persuasive, argument was reserved to the last. That the Bishops felt its force is sufficiently plain. On every other point they are able to make a good fight, but nothing can be feebler or more irrelevant—we will not so far emulate the style of their official critic as to say nothing can

be more "astonishing and untrue"—than their awkward attempt to evade the force of this direct personal appeal. The simple fact is, that since then they have entirely changed their minds, or at all events have entirely changed their policy, and do not choose to admit it. The question has, properly speaking, very little to do with the pending conflict between Church and State, but they have themselves to thank for giving their opponents the opportunity of introducing it.

The original memorial of the Bishops, addressed to the German Emperor under date of April 2, was occasioned by the Bill then before the Prussian Landtag, and which has now become law, requiring of all Catholic bishops and clergy a declaration of unconditional submission to the laws of the State, as the condition of retaining their emoluments. Against this the Bishops argue, first, that such a declaration of unconditional obedience to the law is incompatible with the rights of the Christian conscience, and that the Apostles and martyrs of the early Church suffered death rather than obey laws which interfered with the preaching of the Gospel. They say further that the State payments proposed to be withdrawn are partly guaranteed under express stipulations to which the honour of Prussia is pledged, and are partly the legal substitute for ancient endowments which have been secularized; in neither case do they spring from the mere liberality of the State. On the other hand, liberal payments are made to the ministers of other denominations, and are now being increased. It is peculiarly distressing to them that the withdrawal of these emoluments should be threatened as a punishment for their refusal to carry out the May laws, in which they could not co-operate without violating their most sacred duties and the divine constitution of the Church. In this emergency they appeal, not to the Houses of Parliament, "in which the appreciation of Christian views is more and more disappearing," but to the Emperor himself, and entreat him to refuse his supreme sanction to a law which violates acknowledged rights, and must lead to unspeakable distress, perplexity, and disturbance. To this memorial, which is not wanting in a certain dignity of tone, and which we may fairly surmise was mainly intended as an appeal to public sympathy, the Emperor, as might have been expected, made no reply; but the Ministry—or, in other words, Prince Bismarck—replied in his name, and the reply was on this wise. The Bishops are first informed that "grief and surprise" are aroused by their assertion that in Prussia it is a denial of the Christian faith to promise obedience to laws which are willingly sworn to and obeyed by the Catholic hierarchy and clergy elsewhere; which, however, they had not said. "No less astonishing and untrue" is their assertion that the Falk laws forbid the preaching of divine truth; which also they had not said. They ought to have known, and easily might have known, that their statement about the increased payments of Protestant ministers was untrue; and they must have been perfectly aware that the measures which they deprecate in such insulting terms could never have been brought before Parliament at all without the Emperor's sanction. They must have known equally well that the emoluments proposed to be withdrawn would never have been granted at all had it been supposed that they meant to make their obedience to the State dependent on the will of the Pope. And then the rescript winds up with the *argumentum ad homines* to which we have already referred. "If the proposed law is to lead to such unspeakable perplexity and disturbances, those among their lordships who in 1870, before the proclamation of the Vatican decrees, foresaw and eloquently predicted these results, should ask themselves if they might not, by firmly adhering to their convictions, have averted these perils from our fatherland." It must be allowed that there is not too much of the *suaviter in modo* in this official reply, which curtly informs the Bishops that all their statements—or rather all the statements which their critic puts into their mouths—are foolish, that nearly all of them are false, and that several at least they might or must have known to be false. Prince Bismarck, though he may be headstrong and violent, is too shrewd a statesman not to act upon a plan, and if the terms and tone of the Ministerial rescript make it studiously irritating and offensive, we may be sure that it was meant to be so. At the present stage of the quarrel he perhaps considers that nothing is to be gained by any further attempt at conciliation, and that the sooner matters are carried out to the bitter end the better. Since the paper of which we have been speaking was issued, on April 9, the Bill which occasioned it has become law, the clauses of the Constitution guaranteeing to ecclesiastical communions in Prussia the independent management of their own affairs have been repealed, and the religious orders have been abolished, not to enumerate other measures of a kindred tendency. The only crumb of comfort that has been thrown to the Bishops from any quarter comes from schismatical Russia—if, that is to say, they attach credit to the rumour of the re-establishment of friendly relations between the Russian Court and the Holy See, on the understanding that the latter shall cease to patronize the cause of Polish nationality, and that the former shall refuse its moral support to the ecclesiastical policy of Prussia.

Prince Bismarck took but a week to reply to the episcopal memorial, but the Bishops seem to have occupied six weeks in preparing their rejoinder, which only appeared in the *Germania* on May 18, though it is somewhat loosely dated "the end of April." It thus comes much too late to affect the immediate question at issue—had that been otherwise conceivable—and can only be intended as a public manifesto, emanating, we presume, from the recent episcopal meeting at Fulda. It may be probably conjectured that

both the original memorial and this rejoinder come from the ready pen of Bishop Ketteler, the inspiring genius and by far the ablest mind of the Prussian episcopate. The Bishops naturally enough begin by pointing out that they have never said that obedience in Prussia to laws which are elsewhere observed by the Catholic clergy is a denial of Christianity, but only that to promise unconditional submission to any laws which the State may enact is incompatible with the rights of the Christian conscience, according to the apostolic precept that we must obey God rather than man. They add that there are, however, several particulars in the May laws inconsistent with the Divine constitution of the Church, and which they cannot therefore obey. There are also indeed several details of the new legislation about which it would be easy to come to an understanding with the State, and they would be only too glad to have an opportunity of doing so. But to say that the whole system of the Falk laws has been willingly accepted and sworn to by the Catholic clergy in other countries is a statement which neither has been proved nor ever can be proved, and as long as it is sought to be forced upon them in its integrity the restoration of harmony between Church and State is rendered impossible. As regards the question of fact, it is impossible to speak positively without a minute examination of the ecclesiastical laws of every State where the Roman Catholic Church has been either established or tolerated for some centuries past; but we apprehend that it may safely be assumed that the Bishops are at least so far right that the entire system of the Falk laws has not previously existed anywhere else, and that some of its provisions are altogether new. They go on to observe, truly enough, that they did not say in their memorial that these laws forbid the preaching of Divine truth, but only that the apostles and martyrs preferred death to obeying laws which forbade it. At the same time, it is added, the Falk laws do, at least indirectly, interfere with the teaching of Divine truth, for no priest is allowed to preach or administer the sacraments without a civil authorization, which is made dependent on conditions which he cannot in conscience accept. After correcting a misrepresentation of what they had said about the payment of ministers of other confessions, the Bishops proceed to a vindication of their direct appeal to the Emperor, insisting that his permission to introduce a Bill into Parliament is quite distinct from his final sanction of a law, and that they have only exercised that privilege of appealing to the throne for the protection of their rights which is recognized in every Prussian citizen, "to say nothing of the representatives of eight millions of them." They say that they have never made their obedience to the laws conditional on the good pleasure of the Pope, and that they had in fact protested against them as incompatible with the first principles of the Church before any Papal utterance on the subject came to their knowledge. So far their case is plausible enough, and they appear to have the best of the argument. To the closing retort of the Ministerial rescript, as to their conduct and predictions at the Vatican Council, they can make of course but a very lame reply. That there is nothing in the Vatican decrees to disturb the peaceful relations of Church and State may in a sense be true, and it is certainly true that no such disturbance has as yet followed except in Prussia, Baden, and some of the Swiss Cantons. But it is no less certainly untrue to say that the Opposition Bishops at Rome did not strongly insist on the probability and logical necessity of such a result, both in their public protests and individual manifestoes; all the more strongly perhaps because it was their policy—a very mistaken policy, as the event proved—to dwell mainly on the "inopportunist" argument, as it has been termed in the ugly compound coined for the occasion, rather than on their real objection, that they knew the proposed dogma to be historically false. Nor does it help their cause to plead that "the sentence of the Œcumenical Council settles the matter for every Catholic Christian, and to refuse submission would be tantamount to apostasy from the Catholic faith." For it was part of their contention at the time that no Council could formulate a dogma at variance with the tradition and history of the Church without forfeiting its Œcumenical character, if indeed the arbitrary interference of the Curia with its freedom of action had not already deprived the Vatican Synod of any such claim. And when the decree had already been carried by a large majority in the General Congregation, and was next day to be solemnly ratified in presence of the Pope, they lodged a formal protest against it, and left Rome, expressing their regret that "they should find the peace of conscience and the tranquillity of their flocks disturbed" on their return home. All this is quite inconsistent with their present attitude towards the Vatican Council, but the inconsistency would have been far more conspicuous if it had not been covered and almost dignified by their resistance to oppressive measures for which the Council supplied only a conventional pretext, and in which they would have been no better disposed to acquiesce before than since. Whatever else may be thought of the Falk legislation, it has strengthened the moral position of Ultramontaniam in Prussia.

Dr. Dollinger predicted and deplored this inevitable result of Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy two years ago, and the Report drawn up by Professor Schulte and read and accepted the other day in the second Old Catholic Synod at Bonn affords a curious confirmation of the correctness of his forecast. The Report does not indeed condemn the Falk laws, but it manifests a nervous anxiety on the part of the Old Catholics to disclaim all

solidarity with the Government in its recent acts. The new laws, we are told, do not concern the Old Catholics at all, and neither benefit nor injure them. They are of course so far interested in the conflict that both they and the Prussian Government are engaged in repelling a common foe, but the weapons of their warfare are wholly different, and they have neither sought nor obtained from the State any assistance in prosecuting it. It would have been as well perhaps if this pointed disclaimer had been published a little earlier. But, coming as it does at the present moment, and in a formal document adopted by the Synod, it must be taken to imply that Ultramontaniam has been making moral capital out of the strong-handed attempt to suppress it, and that the Old Catholic cause has proportionately suffered. And this is further shown by the very small advance of the movement during the past year as recorded in the statistics laid before the Synod. The net result of this correspondence between the Bishops and the Government, which has now been brought to a close, will tell, we suspect, in the same direction.

SOUTH KENSINGTON IN DIFFICULTIES.

THERE seems at last, in spite of all kinds of official shuffling and intrigue, to be some prospect of the truth being known in regard to the various commercial speculations which have been carried on at South Kensington under the auspices, and apparently with the funds, of the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 on various pretexts connected with science and art. By the supplemental charter under which the Commissioners were reappointed at the close of the first Exhibition, it is directed that "when as well all the matters and things entrusted to be done by our said recited charter by the said Commissioners thereby incorporated, as all the matters and things hereby entrusted to be done by the said Commissioners, shall be fully performed or become incapable of being executed," the charter shall become void; and that in the meantime the Commissioners are to report their doings to the Government. How far the Commissioners have accomplished their duties, or found them incapable of being executed, is not yet known, for the simple reason that the Commissioners have taken good care to keep their own counsel. No Report has been published since 1867, and the Report then made brings the accounts down only to the end of 1866. On the winding up in 1855 of the accounts of the original Exhibition, it was found that there was a surplus of 186,436*l.*, plus some five or six thousand pounds from rents and miscellaneous receipts, which was certified by the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England. The question to which many people would now like an answer is, What has been done with this money, and also in what way has science or art been in the slightest degree benefited by it? A similar inquiry might, indeed, be made in regard to the whole group of South Kensington institutions. Of the collection of industrial art which has been formed there we have every desire to speak with respect. It was very much required, and is, in its way, an admirable museum. But this is perhaps the only substantial result which has been obtained from the vast sums—sums amounting in all, as may be seen from a Parliamentary return, to 1,200,000*l.*, though, it is understood, the buildings are only half completed, and it is doubtful whether the site is paid for—which have been expended in that quarter out of the funds of the State. This, however, is a question which concerns the Government, and not the reappointed Commission of 1851.

In the Report of the Royal Commissioners for 1861, as was lately pointed out by a correspondent of the *Times*, of whose letter, however, no notice was taken, part of the ground in the possession of the Commissioners was leased to the Royal Horticultural Society, the Commissioners undertaking to spend 50,000*l.* upon ground works, arcades, &c., while the Society covenanted to spend another 50,000*l.*, 40,000*l.* being raised upon 5 per cent. debenture bonds. It appears, however, that the Horticultural Society is now insolvent, or that at least it contemplates for reasons of its own, not of a very creditable kind, going through the Court; and it would be interesting to know how the account stands between the Society and the Royal Commissioners. On this point Lord Bury, who took the chair at the meeting of the Society on Tuesday, was very vague and mysterious. He stated that the Fellows of the Horticultural Society had conveyed to the Council of that body a certain trust, "which was, that they should make arrangements with Her Majesty's Commissioners for the future carrying on of the Society"; but that the Commissioners had not met this proposal in a favourable manner. It is possible that the Commissioners may have looked at the matter very much in the spirit of Talleyrand's reply to the beggar who insisted on the necessity of living:—"Je n'en vois pas la nécessité." Lord Bury and his colleagues may fairly be asked to show why the Society should be carried on at all. The Horticultural Society has been from the first, as far as science and art are concerned, to a great extent an imposture. The pursuit of scientific botany has been uniformly neglected; and the gardens, instead of being a model of skilful horticulture, are equally contemptible from a scientific or ornamental point of view. The object of the Council seems to have been mainly to make the grounds a sort of popular tea-gardens, a fashionable Cremorne, and it is quite a wonder that a dancing-platform has never been introduced. But perhaps it may prove to be part of the scheme by which the Fellows hope to retrieve their

misfortunes. The manner in which the Society has for the last few years been encouraging botanical enterprise has apparently taken a very curious form. It has been keeping its head above water by means of the gate-money taken at flower-shows; and of course in order to have a flower-show there must be flowers. The Society accordingly offers prizes for the best specimens, with the view of inducing gardeners to fill its tents and arcades; but for some time past, it seems, these prizes have not been paid, and the Society is now endeavouring to evade payment of them altogether by going through the Bankruptcy Court. It must seem to any ordinary person that this is very like a theatrical manager pocketing the money taken at the doors, and then refusing to pay his performers. "Every one," said Lord Bury, "was aware that the funds had been steadily falling off for the last two or three years. Every one was also aware that they had had to postpone the payment of prizes in former years, and that certain gentlemen having made arrangements with their gardeners to pay them in part out of the prizes they might shake out of the pockets of the Royal Horticultural Society, an action had been taken in the name of the gardeners, but in reality by gentlemen who ought to have considered the position of the Society." This is as much as to say that the Society should be allowed to offer prizes in order to provide for shows out of which it makes a profit, on the condition that other people are to pay for them. It might be supposed that a prize was essentially a debt of honour, but in any case the money is not extorted from the pockets of the Society, but is voluntarily offered as a means of obtaining goods—we should be sorry to say on false pretences. It is the invariable custom for the gardeners to receive the prize-money, and their employers have nothing to do with it. A member of the Society has protested against the insolvency plea as a disgrace to a Society which bore the name of Royal; but it is perhaps fortunate for Royalty that its character does not depend upon all that has been done in its name in this mysterious neighbourhood.

Everybody will remember the flourish of trumpets with which the Horticultural Society was installed in its new grounds when it quitted the pleasant groves of Chiswick. Not only was practical botany to be carried to an unparalleled pinnacle of glory, but art and science generally were somehow to be regenerated. In conjunction with the other great institutions of South Kensington, it enjoyed the advantages of the most exalted patronage, and of the Archbishop of Canterbury's official prayers. And what has come of it all? After a miserable career of inefficiency and failure, the concern is bankrupt, and the public and the gardeners have been equally disappointed. It is possible that, in the course of the disclosures which may now be expected, some light will be thrown on the peculiar financial relations of the International Exhibitions, which have broken down so ludicrously, with the Horticultural Society on the one hand and the Royal Commissioners on the other. Some faint trace of flickering vitality may still be detected in the International Commissioners. A few weeks ago they had a competition in beer, which is, no doubt, a branch both of science and art; and it is understood that the galleries are at present devoted to the refuse of some foreign studios and auction-rooms. There is every prospect that the Royal Albert Hall is destined to succumb to the same influences which have been fatal to its neighbours; but it stands on a somewhat different footing. Though it is under the management of a Royal Commission, it has been established by means of private subscriptions, and, if the subscribers are contented, that is perhaps enough. At the same time it may be doubted whether it is desirable that a public place of amusement in direct competition with other speculations of the kind should be identified with the State even in a nominal way. The moral of these various failures is not far to seek, and it would be well that it should be distinctly understood. The International Exhibitions and the Horticultural Society have broken down simply because they were in a great measure artificial creations based on empty pretences. They made use of distinguished names and big ideas to conjure with, but genuine scientific interests were subordinated to personal fads and private interests. There has been an immense parade of doing great things, and it has all come to nothing. The Exhibitions were mere bazaars for the convenience of advertising shopkeepers; the Horticultural Gardens have served no higher purpose than that of a lounge for nurserymaids and a flirting ground for West-end idlers; and the Royal "Central Hall of Science and Art" is conducted on just the same principles and in precisely the same way as any ordinary concert-room. Art and science, instead of being helped, have been discredited by the vulgar art and sham science which have usurped their honours, and by the general jobbery and mismanagement which have pervaded the whole system from first to last. It may seem strange that such abuses should happen under the authority of men of high rank and reputation, such as the members of the various Royal Commissions; but the explanation is that these names are employed only as an ornamental screen, while the real work is left in the hands of practically irresponsible agents, whose chief concern has been to provide nests for themselves and their friends. It is to be hoped that some means may be found of putting an end to what has too long been a public scandal. Speculative shows of this kind should be left to professional showmen.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

EUROPE, it is sometimes said, devotes periods of peace only to preparation for war, and our painters, at all events in days of tranquillity, love to revisit battle-fields in order to renew the strife. With French and German artists this practice became long ago habitual, but not till the present year has war taken a prominent place in the Royal Academy. And it is curious to observe how the fighting propensities of man—and in these times, when equal rights are claimed, we must add of woman also—find not only gratification, but occasion for exercise, in these battle pictures. The other day so tumultuous was the crowd gathered before Miss Thompson's dramatic representation of "The 28th Regiment at Quatre Bras" (853) that a struggle almost amounting to a combat ensued, in which ladies took part, one of them being driven bodily, with an audible collision, against the bayonets of the soldiers in the front rank. Unfortunately the merits of the picture afford no excuse for such unseemly proceedings; it is, as we said in our introductory article, inferior to the overrated "Roll Call" of last year; and yet it deserves something more than faint praise. We are told that at the battle of Quatre Bras, 16th June, 1815, the 28th Regiment, after sustaining "a long series of unsuccessful attacks," repulsed about five o'clock in the evening a final and "furious charge simultaneously delivered against three faces of the square." It is added that "the failure of these attempts to break their formation was productive of much levity on the part of some of the younger soldiers, instances of which are traditional in the regiment." This is the situation. The soldiers in the front line are on their knees with bayonets fixed to sustain the charge of the enemy; the men in the second rank stand upright, and so are able to fire a volley over the heads of their comrades at the advancing foe. We gladly admit that nothing can be more careful than the study of some of these figures; in the heads which stand out from the canvas in almost stereoscopic relief we read the whole story. But the manner is too much after the miniature manipulation of Gerard Dow. The attacking enemy cannot be seen, and yet is, as it were, present in the piercing eye, the nerved energy, and the exultant triumph of the brave men who defy defeat. In other words, so vivid is the scene within view that the action which lies beyond the confines of the composition is realized by the spectator, who, in fact, imagines himself on the spot. Such being the praise which we are able to accord, the question may be asked, where is ground for blame? In the first place, then, Miss Thompson this year challenges criticism by the encounter of a subject presenting all but insuperable difficulties; last year she was wisely content with rest, this time she rushes into action; we know only two or three battle-painters either in France or Germany who could pass scatheless through so trying an ordeal. Then, again, the picture is most unequal; some of the heads are finished to a fault as miniatures cut out and then stuck upon canvas, while other parts of the picture are left, not in a sketchiness which often may be a sign of mastery, but in a slovenly unfinished, which suggests ill-training. Lastly, the colour is simply abominable; nothing can be more crude or disagreeable than the red coats against the bluish white of the gunpowder smoke. Yet all must admit that the picture, notwithstanding its shortcomings, escapes failure; it shows a talent which, though suffering temporary discouragement, need not fear ultimate defeat.

A work of more maturity, as might be expected, is "La charge des cuirassiers français à Waterloo" (613), by the well-trained French painter M. Philippoteaux. The late Mr. George Jones, R.A., depicted "Waterloo" again and again; but in this class of subjects our English painters have always proved themselves inferior to the French; they are apt to turn a victory into a disaster, while French painters cover a defeat with flying colours. The English may be more truthful as historians, but they are certainly less skilful as tacticians on canvas. M. Philippoteaux comes among us as a comparative stranger; it may therefore be interesting to learn that he was born in Paris, that he has now arrived at the ripe age of sixty, and that he is known by numerous works, such as "The Death of Turenne," "The Retreat from Moscow," "The Siege of Antwerp," and, lastly, in the Paris Salon of the present year, by "The Meeting of Henry IV. and Sully on the morrow of the Battle of Ivry." The artist, as in the picture before us, usually brings into action figures on a small scale, vivacious in movement, and grouped so as to compose well with the landscape wherein the passage of arms may be laid. He is said to be deficient in individual character—an accusation we can credit in the presence of "Les cuirassiers français." Another battle-piece for notice is "Ligny" (877), by Mr. Crofts; the picture at a distance looks effective, but it does not bear close examination. Still less proof against criticism is the well-meant effort of Mr. Sydney Hall, "Her Majesty Presenting Colours to the 79th Cameron Highlanders" (276). This cannot pass for art; the picture is without drawing or knowledge in the technique of painting; that it should be preserved as of any historic value or otherwise is a melancholy sign of the inartistic times in which we live. Of course it is "exhibited by command," otherwise it could not have won "the line."

Mr. Herkomer, who is known by good work in the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, has made a great hit in "The Last Muster" (898). Here on a Sunday at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, we are introduced to a congregation of aged pensioners with heads

all turned one way, intent on the religious service. Every man is dressed in red, many are decked with medals, one at least has a wooden leg, and most are either grey or bald. The scene professes to be real and literal; the heads look like veritable portraits; yet we cannot but think that they are overweighted with brain, considering that these pensioners could never have had much occasion to exercise any little mind with which Providence may have been pleased to bless them. Indeed so much overdone are these poor men in the way of intellect, that some of them have been mistaken for members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; we seem, in fact, to recognize among the company the head of the illustrious Secretary of the Society of Arts, and a leading geologist, though dead, appears to honour the occasion with his presence. The artist has evidently made an unusual effort to exalt his materials, and is certainly not without his reward. The style somewhat resembles that of Legros, whose name is for a wonder absent from the Catalogue.

Mr. Pettie, R.A., who has found his profit every way in exchanging Edinburgh for London, eschews refinement, it may be inevitably, when depicting the "Scene in Hal of the Wynd's Smithy" (223). Here is yet another dark and muddled canvas from Scotland. Darkness, it is true, at least when removed from blackness, may possess the elements of grandeur; but opaque shadow has little excuse when used as a cloud or a cloak to hide careless drawing and reckless execution. Mr. Pettie has been pleased to deposit in the Academy "Jacobites" (1217) as his diploma picture. The composition has the merit of concentration and dramatic vehemence, but not a single figure, not one scrap of drapery, is drawn with precision or carried out with the slightest pretence to completeness. This is the Cockney-Scotch school with which the Academy becomes year by year more oppressed.

Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., suffers in the attempt to magnify a manner suited for water-colour drawings to the larger scale of oil pictures. Yet in "Don Quixote and Sancho at the Castle of the Duke and Duchess" we recognize an effort to gain release from the chopped-up execution and scattered detail sometimes excusable in drawings made for the portfolio or for the wood engraver's block. This composition, which reveals the knight of the melancholy countenance marching towards the ladies drawn up in file to do him honour has unusual breadth. The lights are studiously preserved; indeed light is made to come out in relief from light—a difficulty which, when achieved, becomes a triumph. Worthy of commendation is an analogous theme, "Don Quixote at the Ball" (1200), by Mr. Pott.

Realism is rampant just now, and any one who may take the trouble to listen to the remarks made by the crowds of visitors who honour the Academy by their presence will have the pleasure of learning that what the English mind is most capable of appreciating is a besom or a milk pail painted to perfection. For this sort of thing Mr. Nicol, A.R.A., has an absolute genius; but he rises even above his usual level when in "The Sabbath Day" (1159) he depicts an inveterately pious old Scotchwoman who is canny enough to clutch the key of her house and a Bible in one hand while she takes consolation under a storm of wind and rain from her umbrella held in the other. The work, it must be admitted, is masterly in many ways, but we should have been glad if the artist had found it compatible with his conscience to immortalize this stalwart crone on one-tenth of the scale. Dutch painters seem to have known by instinct that low life is best excused when painted in the small; only great thoughts demand a spacious canvas. Further illustration of the realism and mere naturalism which afflict the English school is found in the fact that the Academy gives a hearty welcome to at least three barber's shops. Of course Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., is clever and satirical in depicting the process of shaving in Tunis (141), and Mr. Burgess becomes even still more amusing when he does honour to "The Barber's Prodigy" (107). The third barber and shop, for which we have to thank Mr. Barnard, dates back "Fifty Years Ago" (555). In a strain equally droll are "The Jolly Post Boys" (166), by Mr. Marks, A.R.A. But the mischief is that all such efforts, however well sustained by technical skill, cannot rise above the low horizon of the originating idea. At best a barber's shop remains for ever a barber's shop and no more.

We have been favoured with a copy of an anonymous attack on "The Royal Academy." Such pamphlets are to be expected about this season, when numerous artists and their friends fancy—and often with only too much reason—that they have injuries to avenge. The present production is rather a mild and stale affair; it is little more than a compilation from the well-known Report of the Royal Commission, which, dating back to a time before the establishment of the Academy in Burlington House, has grown somewhat obsolete. We have been at the pains of verifying by appeal to the original Report the following extracts, which may deserve revival, inasmuch as they bear on still existing grievances. Sir Charles Eastlake in the course of his evidence admits that Royal Academicians, though they profess to be the best artists, cannot, from the old age and illness of some and from the falling off in talent of others, represent the greatest ability in the country. Again, Sir Edwin Landseer refutes the argument raised for an increase in the number of Academicians by the incisive sentence, "A man's hand or head does not last more than twenty-five years, and therefore the time arrives in one's career when the fewer pictures one sends the better." We have often urged such self-denying reticence on certain Academicians and Associates. We think also that it might be well that the elections should be made for a limited number of years only, the time to be renewed or

otherwise, not so much on personal grounds as in the best interest of art. There cannot be a doubt but that the present Exhibition would have gained vastly under some such reform. Yet we are not among those who despair of the Academy; it possesses a constitution sufficiently vital and elastic to allow of continuous, though possibly slow, progress. Some improvements have already been made, and further reforms are promised.

THE OPERAS—VERDI'S REQUIEM.

PENDING the production of *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane, the return of Mme. Nilsson and the first appearances of Mlle. Varesi have been events of interest. Mlle. Varesi sang and acted as Amina in *La Sonnambula* with remarkable steadiness and dramatic feeling. The pure quality and flexibility of her voice, the clearness and firmness of her intonation, give evidence of careful training as well as of natural gifts. If the singer's resources are not overtaxed, as too often happens, in the next few years, her voice should gain the fulness, and her acting the experience, which alone seem wanting. Signor Fancelli's heavy phrasing is as little suited to the music of Elvino as is his wooden acting to so emotional a part. Signor Castelmarmy can do no more with the low notes of Count Rodolfo than with those of Marcel in the *Huguenots*; and the fussiness of his acting does not atone for the incompetence of his singing. Count Rodolfo should be a person of some dignity and repose of manner; Signor Castelmarmy's extravagant byplay is out of character with the part, and hinders rather than helps the illusion of the scene. At the same time there is enough vigour in Signor Castelmarmy's acting to warrant the belief that, if there were any man's part in an opera corresponding to that of Fenella in *Masaniello*, he could fill it very well. Mlle. Bauermeister represents the varying passions of Lisa with force and true perception, and sings the music with certainty and expression. The extreme raggedness and frequent false singing of the chorus at this house have been by some attributed to rehearsals, as they have been at the other house to performances, of *Lohengrin*. The second part in which Mlle. Zaré Thalberg has appeared, Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, is well suited to her; the pretty simplicity of the peasant girl is rendered with an unaffected grace; and the singer's performance suggests in some tones and actions the possession of pathetic power. The music is well within her resources, and is fluently and meaningfully sung; on the first night of *Fra Diavolo* some notes of the air in the second act were not accurately given, but that has probably been since corrected. Signor Ciampi's Lord Coburg is the conventional Englishman of the foreign stage, but is none the less funny for that; and his hard voice and manner are here of use. Mme. Patti's voice seems to have increased in fulness during her absence from England; and she has lost nothing of her power of accomplishing marvellous feats of dexterity with it. There is hardly another singer who can execute such passages as occur in *Dinorah* with perfect ease and smoothness, and mark every note with the clearness and precision of a musical box. One could wish that those singers—there are many—who in a scale passage either, by way of making it smooth, slur the notes, or, to avoid this, put forth each one like the blow of a knocker, as if it had no connexion with its fellows, would go frequently to hear Mme. Patti. Signor Marini as Corentino in *Dinorah* sings well, and displays some comic force; Signor Graziani in Hoël does much by the art of his singing to make up for the disappearance, which it is to be hoped is only temporary, of his voice.

Faust has been given at both houses; and at Drury Lane has been the means of showing that Mme. Nilsson has the love for her art which stimulates ever to fresh exertions. Her Marguerite has the grace and freshness which always belonged to it; and it has gained much which was not at first found in it. It is with a singular dramatic power that the change in Marguerite's character is marked not only in gesture, look, and intonation, but even in the very quality of the singer's voice; as the passion of the situation grows and deepens, so does the fulness of the notes wherein Marguerite expresses it. The action of an opera is so much more prolonged than that of a play, and the manner in which it is represented is so much more artificial, that it is usually more difficult for a singer than an actor to make the spectator forget that he is sitting in a theatre watching a studied performance. It is the triumph of Mme. Nilsson's talent and study to accomplish this. The singing of the "King of Thule" in the third scene carries him who hears it out of the theatre into Marguerite's garden; as he listens, he perceives that the repetition of the ballad is employed as a means to banish thoughts which will recur in spite of it. Every detail of tone and action, down to the way in which the spinning-wheel is gradually left idle, conveys the same impression. The girlish delight with the jewels, the mixture of tremor and happiness at Faust's appearance, the abandonment of the love scene, the sudden terror which breaks upon it, and the final outburst of joy as he rushes to the window, have all a startling reality. As the call upon the singer's resources increases so does her power of meeting it; the scene of Valentine's death, that in the cathedral, and the last one in the prison, have true tragic force. The memories of happier times which flit across Marguerite's mind when Faust enters her cell are given with that feeling which is carried from the singer's to the listener's heart, and the grandeur of the invocation at the end is a fitting conclusion to a great performance. Throughout Mme. Nilsson's singing not a note is unsteadily held, not a phrase ill executed.

M. Capoul's *Faust* is a performance of which the cleverness is somewhat disappointing. There is too much foppery for such a part both in his singing and acting, and while his voice has gained something in strength, it has lost the quality which was once its charm, and the effect of overstraining is discerned in the tremble which has become so common a vice of singers. Signor de Reschi's representation of Valentine is in the first scene excellent. He sings the "Dio Possente" with feeling and discretion, and looks and walks like a gallant soldier; but in the death scene he fails; he is too vigorous; he seems to miss the meaning of the music, and his action becomes forced and ungraceful. Signor Rota gives a weak rendering of Mephistopheles. He does his best in the acting of the part to imitate M. Faure, and he sometimes succeeds in presenting so accurate a copy of that singer's gesture that one wonders at its entire difference in effect from the original. The imitation of the outward form is, however, useless unless there is something of the inward feeling from which that springs; and the result is that in Signor Rota's hands Mephistopheles appears a foolish, good-natured gentleman who is masquerading in a devilish costume. The singer is always sure of his music, but in a part which calls for dramatic power that is not enough; the "Dio dell' Or," as sung by him with a respectable monotony, might be the dullest and most ordinary of songs, and the attempt at originality in the serenade is a mistaken effort. The dragging of the time in the concluding phrase of each verse spoils instead of enhancing its effect, and the reduction of the mocking laugh to a contented chuckle is both musically and dramatically wrong, and takes all the devilry out of the notes. Mme. Trebelli-Bettini's Siebel is as boyish as is her Urbano in the *Huguenots*, and, as that is full of fun and high spirits, so is Siebel of tenderness and feeling. The singer has the rare power, which belongs also to M. Faure, of conveying at once by some intangible means in her very aspect the meaning of every part which she undertakes; and the impression created by her first appearance is never for a moment lost. The depth of pity and love conveyed in the perfect singing of the "Quando a te lieta" is singularly touching.

Mlle. Albani, in her first performance of Marguerite at Covent Garden, suffered not unnaturally from nervousness, and her voice showed signs of fatigue, of which *Lohengrin* is probably the cause. The beauty of her high notes was however unimpaired, and her singing, save a little uncertainty in the first part of the garden scene, excellent. She has not now the dramatic force required to do full justice to the part, but that no doubt may be hereafter obtained. There are many instances of singers who have gradually learnt to act, and to act admirably. Signor Nicolini's acting in *Faust* is of the most conventional and unimpassioned kind. On the first night of the opera this season he sang flat almost from beginning to end, and further disfigured the music by a constant and unpleasant tremble in his voice. M. Maurel sang and acted finely as Valentine. The original dress which he has designed for that character is more curious than handsome, and the turreted hat which tops it makes one think of a castle on a chess-board. M. Faure, like Mme. Nilsson, shows that those who love their art may constantly improve their performance. A few touches, "trifles light as air," when considered by themselves, make his Mephistopheles yet more perfect than it was. The catlike lightness and grace of bearing, the steady malignant purpose of the eye, the scorn and hatred underlying a bitter sense of fun, all seem to have increased in reality. The very fingers of M. Faure's Mephistopheles, as he sings the "Dio dell' Or," are instinct with a devilish meaning. M. Faure never sang the serenade better than on the occasion of his reappearance this year; and the fearful mockery of the concluding laugh is intensified by a look which he has added at the end of the song wherein the devil seems to come out for a moment undisguised. The singer's voice seems to have lost nothing in force, and to have gained something in fulness; it is employed with magnificent effect in the cathedral scene. There is something terrific in the grandeur of bearing and voice of the scarlet figure who towers above Marguerite, giving forth his dreadful hymn of perdition; and an intense impression is caused by the impassiveness of the singer, until, at the last cry of "Dannata sei," he starts forward as if to grasp his prey. There is one point of stage management in this opera which might be improved at both houses. The carrying away of Valentine's dead body by four men in full sight of the audience has an unpleasant effect which borders on the ludicrous. It would be easy enough to conceal this, if not altogether, to a great extent, by a different disposal of the crowd, and the scene would then lose nothing in impressiveness.

Great interest has attached to the performances of Signor Verdi's *Requiem* at the Albert Hall, and not a little difference of opinion has been aroused by them. By some the music has been denounced as merely theatrical, by others it has been exalted as sublime. There are undoubtedly fine passages in it, and there are also some, like the setting of the "Tuba Mirum," which suggest footlights and red fire. But even if the music were as ill fitted to its theme as some have held it to be, it would be worth hearing for the excellence of its execution. The only disappointment in the performance is found in the fact that the fine method of Signor Medini has since his last appearance in England been changed by the use of the tremolo, of which we have already spoken with dislike.

THE DERBY.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S amusing protest against the evils of horse-racing had as little effect on the attendance at Epsom last Wednesday as on the House of Commons the night before. The member for Carlisle may or may not be in earnest in his contempt and dislike for a leading national sport; but his treatment of the subject was so exaggerated as to defeat any real object he may have had at heart. Racing has sins enough to answer for, we are well aware; but the Derby is not yet degraded to the level of a suburban gate-money meeting. No denunciation of the scandals of those paltry gatherings, which are patronized by the lowest order of owners, trainers, and backers of racehorses, could be too strong; but only by ignorance or affectation could Epsom be placed in the same class with Bromley and Kingsbury. The Derby is still one of the greatest and most genuine races of the year, and the general conduct of the Epsom meeting leaves little room for objection. In a crowd so vast as that which annually assembles on Epsom Downs there must be of course a certain number of objectionable and disreputable people; but every care is taken to prevent their presence from being felt by those who visit Epsom either for amusement or to transact legitimate business. If Sir Wilfrid Lawson can devise any means for putting an end to the disgraceful scenes which so constantly take place at petty race meetings in the neighbourhood of London, he will deserve our warmest thanks; but he will do little good by painting the Epsom meeting in colours which it by no means deserves, or in attacking the race to which, beyond all others, an historic interest attaches. It was altogether unnecessary to quote the opinions of the late Mr. Greville on the sport which he pursued to the end of his life with so much zeal. When he wrote them Mr. Greville had probably backed the favourite heavily, and the favourite had lost. It would be easy to multiply instances of men who, finding they have to suffer for their pleasures, sit down in sackcloth and ashes and bemoan their follies and their sins. Mr. Greville's reflections on the morality of horse-racing would probably have assumed a very different tone at the close of a successful week.

The death of Mr. King was a loss to racing, of which he was a warm and honoured supporter, and caused the disqualification of Holy Friar for the Derby. All the world knew that Mr. King was a clergyman, and that he had bred and owned racehorses for many a year. But as they were not of the highest class, and only succeeded in carrying off races of minor importance, the world did not blame Mr. King for his indulgence in a sport not commonly patronized by clergymen, and he received no official censure until the splendid triumphs of Apology attracted attention. The absence of Holy Friar from the Derby is much to be regretted, as he was only once beaten as a two-year-old, and then his defeat in the Middle Park Plate was ascribed more to accident than to want of ability on his part to perform the task set for him. It has been pretty freely rumoured that Holy Friar wintered badly, and would never again show the form he displayed as a two-year-old; but rumours are always afloat about the candidates for great races, and no two horses have been more freely attacked of late than the first and second in the great race of last Wednesday. We can only judge of what Holy Friar's prospects of winning the Derby would have been, had he started, by looking to his public performances last year; and as he beat Camballo at Doncaster when Camballo was particularly fit and well, and, in our judgment, only lost the Middle Park Plate by a mistake on the part of his jockey, we must believe, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that he would have given Galopin a great deal of trouble last Wednesday. The disqualification of Holy Friar for the Derby, and of Chaplet and Stray Shot for the Oaks, has called renewed attention to the inconvenience of the rule by which horses, if their nominators die, are disqualified from fulfilling their engagements. It is to be hoped that some means may be found for abolishing this rule, while at the same time proper securities are taken for the payment of entrances. It is said that, if a nominator dies who has entered half-a-dozen horses for the Derby, there might be plenty of people who would gladly pay the entrance money for the best of the six, but none who would care to pay for the other five, and that therefore the gains of the winner would be proportionately lessened. This difficulty might be obviated by making compulsory the payment of entrance money at the time the entries are made, and we do not see any sufficient reason why such a regulation should not be established.

The paddock was hardly the scene of so much interest as in former years, and, indeed, though we read in the papers the stereotyped remark that there were never so many people at the Derby, our own impressions were quite the reverse, and both in the paddock and the Stand we thought the attendance smaller and the excitement very much less than usual. There was, in truth, not so very much in the paddock that was worth seeing. Of the two horses who, by their public performances, might claim to be in the first class, one, Galopin, was saddled elsewhere, and did not even participate in the preliminary parade and canter; and a single glance at the other, Camballo, was sufficient to show that Mr. Vyner's horse was by no means in the same condition as on the Two Thousand day. His coat was dull and faded, and he walked languidly and listlessly. Of the remaining sixteen, many had acquitted themselves creditably, but not one had any pretensions, on public form, to compete with the winner of the Champagne and Two Thousand and the third in the Middle Park Plate.

Claremont attracted considerable attention, not only on account of his grand appearance, but also because of the mystery which was supposed to have surrounded him and his stable companions for some time past, though why there should have been any mystery about him we are at a loss to know. As a yearling Claremont fetched 2,000 guineas; as a two-year-old he was unequalled for his grand shape, but was never half-prepared for racing; and this year no serious attempt has been made to wind him up thoroughly. He did well on the Two Thousand day, when he ran very fast, and finished a good fourth, and he did well last Wednesday when he again distinguished himself, but died away at last from want of condition. He may be very much improved by September, and with Galopin out of the way seems clearly to have the St. Leger at his mercy; but we question whether we shall see the best of Claremont this year. If all goes well, he ought to turn out the grandest four-year-old in training. Balfe, who was early in the paddock, looked as usual neat, compact, muscular, and full of quality. But the strange idea which prevailed, and which ultimately found expression in raising Prince Soltykoff's horse to the position of second favourite, that a horse unable to stay a mile, and with difficulty successful over a six-furlong course, would show improved form over a mile and a half, might almost be reckoned a delusion. Balfe is, we should say, an easy horse to train, as he carries little superfluous flesh and is perfectly sound. But his two-year-old running shows incontestably his preference for half a mile over a longer course, and in the Two Thousand, though perfectly fit and well, and holding a commanding lead at the Bushes, he died away to nothing at the finish. Yet it was gravely predicted that in the longer and severer Derby course he would show in very different colours; and there were not wanting people who accepted the prediction as gospel. As it turned out, all who beat Balfe in the Two Thousand, with the single exception of Breechloader, beat him far more easily in the Derby. The Repentance colt, Breechloader, and Earl of Dartrey, may be classed together as a trio of honest second-rate horses. They all looked well, but no trainer's art can transform a moderate horse into one of high quality. One hears commonly enough the observation that such and such a horse can be made so many pounds better by the Derby day, and that the Epsom course will suit him better than Newmarket. It is very probable that many horses may be and are considerably improved by the care and skill of their trainers, and yet that they may utterly fail to come within pounds of first-class form. You may make a bad thing better, but it does not follow that you can ever make it good. Garterly Bell and Telescope, though superior performers last year, were evidently only started on Wednesday to assist their stable companions, the Repentance colt and Claremont. Seymour had jumped into fame by beating Camballo at the Northampton meeting, but the credentials of Punch, Gilbert, Temple Bar, and Fareham were poor indeed. Woodlands was fancied more on account of his owner's reputation for sagacity than for any proved merits of his own, and Bay of Naples must have improved about 2 st. in two months to render him a formidable competitor. Finally, Fareham was a good-looking horse who had figured in plating races, and Earliston and Lord Berners were not good looking, and leave not figured to much advantage in races of any description.

It will be gathered that even the most curious soon had their curiosity gratified in the paddock. Perhaps Earl of Dartrey and Balfe were the two brought out in best condition, for both Claremont and Bay of Naples, fine looking as they were, were manifestly backward in condition, and though the Repentance colt looked well, he seemed as if better suited to inferior company. In the preliminary canter Earl of Dartrey went well, as also the Repentance colt, Seymour, and Fareham, but we cannot say as much for the exhibition of Camballo, Balfe, or Claremont. The latter cantered in lumbering fashion, and the two former went decidedly short. Bay of Naples, however, pleased his admirers sufficiently to make a rapid rise in popular favour. Galopin, who was saddled near the starting post, joined his seventeen companions as they filed from the paddock across the Downs, but his somewhat fretful temper delayed the start for some minutes. He was very anxious to get off first, and, as befalls anxious men and horses, when the flag did fall he got off last of all.

The pace was very slow at first, and the running, such as it was, was made by Fareham, Garterly Bell, and Telescope, the last named taking a decided lead at the top of the hill and maintaining it nearly to Tattenham Corner. Camballo from the very first was conspicuous in the rear, and toiled hopelessly along, apparently without any chance of improving his position. Galopin, who was kept back in the early part of the race, did not attempt to join the leaders until reaching the top of the hill; but when once he was let out, he quickly made up for lost time. Half-way down the hill he was well in the front division, and though he came very wide round Tattenham Corner, his superior speed made the loss of ground a matter of no consequence to him. When fairly in the straight, he assumed the lead, and the race was at once over; for though Claremont challenged opposite the Stand, and for a moment seemed likely to overhaul Prince Batthyany's horse, want of condition told, and he died away immediately afterwards, while superior condition and superior speed brought Galopin home an easy winner by a length. Repentance colt was, on sufferance, an indifferent third, and then came a cluster of pulling-up horses, among whom were Earl of Dartrey, Seymour, Garterly Bell, and Bay of Naples. Balfe, as might have been expected, failed to stay, and the moderate quality

of the field was shown by the fact of a half-trained horse beating all except the winner, and of half-a-dozen horses being one nearly as good as the other for third place. The victory of Galopin has removed the stigma hitherto attaching to the stock of Vedette of inability to stay a mile and a half; but it must be admitted that he had a very easy task last Wednesday. It is not certain that he is the soundest of horses, and his opponents probably speculated that he might fail to stand up to the end on such fearfully hard ground; but for speed there was nothing in the race with any pretensions to compete with him, Camballo being amiss, and Balfe being altogether out of his course. The victory of Galopin was deservedly popular, for few sportsmen have so worthily supported the Turf, with but scanty encouragement from fortune, as the Hungarian Prince who has so long made England his home.

REVIEWS.

GARDINER'S ENGLAND UNDER BUCKINGHAM AND CHARLES I.*

IN reference to a tendency observable in a late brilliant book towards eschewing the time-honoured practice of dividing the history of the English people according to the reigns of its sovereigns, a cynical critic has been heard to observe that one of the least disputable uses of kings is thereby put in jeopardy. It might be added—without any intention of applying the remark to any particular work—that while no chronological divisions of history are altogether satisfactory, those are likely to be least so into which the subjective element, or, in other words, the view taken by an historian of the significance of this or that period, largely enters. The principle on which Mr. Gardiner has arranged the series of important works completed by that now before us—but not completed in the sense of being rendered incapable of continuation—is open to no reasonable objection on this score. In a sense no doubt the Elizabethan age was at an end before the Queen's death, just as the war with Spain had begun to languish before peace was concluded in 1604; but few will deny that an "epoch" of English history is marked by the advent of the Stuart dynasty to the English throne. The disgrace of Coke, the event concluding the first of Mr. Gardiner's three connected works, closed a period of mingled hopes and fears, preparatory to that which was fully and finally to test the ability of King James to carry out as well as devise his own policy. In the years including the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War and the development of the King's ultra-Solomonic scheme of recovering the Palatinate by means of Spain, we have, as is not unfrequently the case in history, the *ἀνίσχυσις* of one drama and the *δυσίσις* of another. Least of all is the judiciousness of the limits assigned to the work now before us open to question. The history of England in the unhappy years 1624–1628 cannot in fact be better described than by the few defining words on Mr. Gardiner's title-page. In the second of his three works he had shown how, when the Spanish match really came to an end, James I. ceased to reign. Buckingham and the Prince of Wales had become the directors of the national policy, and the control exercised over it by the King in one instance (the matter of Breda) almost wears the aspect of an interference. His shrewdness and his "critical faculty," as the phrase is, had not deserted him with his power; and he could point out to his son and his favourite the awkward precedent they were establishing by the impeachment of Middlesex, which he had not dared to prevent. But before his end came he had almost ceased even to scheme, and had come to content himself with desiring to localize a conflict of which the conditions had passed beyond his power of direction. For "the years of unwise war" which ensued, ending, not long after Buckingham's death, in two inglorious pacifications, and leading up, as Mr. Gardiner without the least exaggeration says, "to divisions and distractions at home, to civil strife, and to the dethronement and execution of the Sovereign," Buckingham and Charles were responsible. But though they jointly incurred this responsibility, and were both, it must be allowed, at all times equally willing to take it upon themselves, yet they are not to be held accountable in the same degree for the course of events in the several parts of the period under review. Morally speaking, there can be no doubt that at first it was Buckingham who led the way, as it had been he who was the first to oppose the Spaniards while the Prince and he were still at Madrid. After Charles had discovered the superior penetration of his friend, his reliance upon Buckingham became such that it is frequently difficult for any but a trained eye to discriminate between the sanguine recklessness of the one and the blind pertinacity of the other. Both were proof against the reverses which fortune so plentifully brought them; had the hopefulness of Buckingham received the confirmation of but a single success, it might be held to have approached the borders of the sublime, and the trustfulness of Charles supported his favourite, whether or not the latter might happen to have "performed all his desires." "With whatsoever success ye shall come to me, ye shall ever be welcome, one of my greatest griefs being that I have not been with you in this time of suffering, for I know we would have much eased each other's

* *A History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I., 1624–1628.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

grievs." But even in the conduct of foreign affairs Buckingham's authority cannot be said to have remained absolute to the last; and in domestic policy the unpopularity in which he had become involved had reduced his influence to little more than that of a confidential adviser whose authority was confined to the Privy Council and to the King's chamber. The Minister whose advent to predominant power in the Government had signified the triumph of public opinion over the personal wishes of the King, in the end depended, like a mere favourite, upon nothing but the personal affection of his royal master. Thus the nature of his influence upon Charles's first decision as to his answer to the Petition of Right remains a matter of conjecture only. In the House of Lords' debates on the subject he exercised no determining influence. But he spent in the King's company the day before that in which Charles, with the full consent of the Privy Council, resolved upon the answer which, had it not been afterwards superseded, might have brought about a hopeless breach between the King and the Commons. History is justified, as were the Commons, in "naming" Buckingham as the author of the evils of State which had swelled to so portentous a list towards the end of his career; but she cannot, like them, shelter the King under the name of his Minister. In a word, the condition of England in these years could not be more accurately described than by saying that, though no longer under Buckingham in the same sense as before, she was still "under Buckingham and Charles I." when Felton's knife saved the Duke from a personal share in the last of the humiliations which he and his master had brought upon the national name—the ultimate failure of the attempt to rescue Rochelle.

One of the main difficulties—but at the same time one of the main attractions—of the task executed by Mr. Gardiner in his present work must have lain in the want of unity which at first sight appears to characterize the history of affairs in this period. In the two previous volumes he had the advantage of a connecting thread, tangled indeed, but remaining well in view; while the danger was that of entering into an abundance of details more appropriate to a monograph, or of giving a view which, like that of Ranke himself in his treatment of the Spanish marriage episode, conveys an impression of incompleteness. But in the years 1624-1628 our history seems to separate itself into two branches, often intertwining, but not easily admitting of a connected treatment. These years comprise a series of conflicts between Crown and Parliament which were directly affected by a foreign policy carried on by the former under conditions very imperfectly understood by the latter, and, it must be added, imperfectly understood by the conductors of the policy itself. Neither the Parliament nor the nation at large were in possession of the materials necessary for a complete judgment of the measures of which they could only judge by the immediate results; and yet their own proceedings, both directly in the matter of money and indirectly in the expression of opinion, materially influenced the results in question. There were, as Mr. Gardiner somewhere says, no Blue-books; and had there been such, it may safely be doubted whether the leading politicians in the House of Commons—for in the Lords the case was different—would as a rule have been able or willing to master them. The proceedings of James I.'s Parliament in 1621 had shown the difficulty of obtaining adequate supplies from a House of Commons unacquainted with the definite intentions of a Government agreeing with it on the main object of the national foreign policy. But the foreign policy of Buckingham and Charles rested on expectations rather than on principles; and, while prolific of vast schemes and more or less imaginary alliances, was hardly reducible except in the vaguest of terms to popular exposition. Hence, while the Commons were deploring the results of the past, the Government was dreaming of the possibilities of the future, to which the undertakings of the present usually failed to correspond. And, more than this, Buckingham and Charles showed a complete inability to appreciate the statecraft of the greatest foreign Minister with whom they were brought into contact, and dealt with him as incompetently when a friend as they afterwards dealt with him when a foe. A survey of our foreign policy in this period has therefore to keep in view much which it is undesirable to emphasize, and much which it is impossible to develop at length for the benefit of the uninstructed reader. The references to foreign affairs in the Parliamentary debates are but imperfect clues to the designs with which these affairs were conducted; the plans of Buckingham are often little more than visionary; and the motives which dictated the proceedings of Richelieu are only to be appreciated by those who have formed a definite conception of the objects of his statesmanship.

It will thus be evident how necessary it was in the treatment of such a group of transactions to combine caution with decision, to refrain from elevating impressions to the dignity of conclusions, and to sacrifice the immediate effect of a narrative to the maintenance of consistency between its several parts. Mr. Gardiner, whose general knowledge of European history in this period is probably unequalled by that of any other English writer, is able to indicate the general tendencies of the policy of Richelieu and the relations between the contending Powers in what is usually called the Danish period of the Thirty Years' War, with a distinctness revealing that full command of the subject which he has elsewhere proved himself to possess. But he is not carried aside from the main course of his narrative into useless digressions, and has thought it quite unnecessary to summarize either the Cardinal or Christian IV. or Gustave Adolphus in half-a-dozen brilliant sentences apiece. Yet, like Ranke, he often contrives to indicate his views of character by a few significant touches worth many paragraphs of rhetorical

antithesis. On home ground he is more liberal of detail, and though he leaves aside as unworthy of notice ninety-nine-hundredths of the scandal clinging to the name of Buckingham, he has drawn a lifelike picture of the brilliant and self-confident schemer, who was probably as thoroughly deceived as to his own capacities as the master who upheld him. That it should have been so, especially in the later years of his career, there is but little reason to marvel. Not only had he been the favourite of royal father and of royal son, not only had the grave flattery of a Bacon and the adulation of thousands of lesser men been as purple carpets along which he made his triumphal progress, but he had tasted the full sweetness of universal popularity, together with that of royal favour. If Charles was the White Knight who had come forth safe from the Black House, he was welcomed home with hardly louder acclamations than "his most firm assistant," the White Duke. And when the Spanish Ambassadors had complained to King James of evil words spoken by Buckingham against their master, had not Lords and Commons alike unanimously excuplated him, such men as Phelps and Coke rising to defend the bold champion, as he seemed to them, of the national cause? "In the way that Buckingham holds," said Phelps, "I pray that he shall keep his head on his shoulders to see thousands of Spaniards' heads either from their shoulders or in the sea." "And shall he lose his head?" cried Coke. "Never has any man deserved better of his King and country." The reasons which within a few years converted this popularity into a hatred so deadly that Buckingham's assassin was hailed as a hero and a martyr are clearly developed in Mr. Gardiner's narrative, but he has not omitted to correct mistaken views which have descended to after ages from the excited and ill-informed times in which they arose. Among these can hardly be included the monstrous accusation against Buckingham of having been guilty of James's death, which requires no disproof. But the affair of Pennington's ships, to which considerable attention has been lately directed, is shown to have been a transaction conducted with some skill and manifestly patriotic intentions, which the peace between Louis XIII. and the Huguenots (which Buckingham had the best reason to expect to see concluded in 1625) would, had it been actually concluded, have enabled Buckingham to represent to Parliament in a satisfactory light. This "abortive peace" is, according to Mr. Gardiner, unknown to French writers; but the prospect of it might certainly have justified a less sanguine politician than Buckingham in fulfilling at last what no longer seemed a dangerous engagement. The Duke's conduct of the operations at Rhé, again, is judged in a spirit of fairness which has not always been extended to it. "After all," says Mr. Gardiner, "the charge which history has to bring against Buckingham is not so much that he failed in the expedition to Rhé as that there was an expedition to Rhé at all. The politician, not the man, was at fault." There may be here a side reference to the striking passage in which Ranke, in his *English History*, while making the necessary reference to the failure of the supports from home, seems to imply that Buckingham's failure at Rhé attests his want of that genius which supplies the gaps of experience. Finally, it may be worth observing that in the most extraordinary case of extortion of money occurring in this period—when Buckingham was paid 10,000*l.* by the East India Company, and King James the same sum on a logically opposite pretext—there is no reason to suppose the Duke to have been actuated by motives of greed. He at once lent nearly the whole sum for the equipment of the fleet, though it seems probable that he was afterwards repaid.

We cannot dwell on the very simple but life-like sketch furnished in this book of Queen Henrietta Maria and the troubles of her early married days, which, as is well suggested, taught her the nature of the obedience best fitted to win the way to the heart of her consort. Of the great Parliamentary leaders of the period Mr. Gardiner enables us to judge by means of an admirably lucid narrative of the debates in which they bore a principal share—a narrative in part new in its materials. As a rule, he judiciously abstains from those notes of admiration which have become so usual in histories of the great Parliamentary struggle; it is only in the case of Eliot that, in his endeavour to impress on the mind of the reader the effect created on Mr. Gardiner's own by the sententious eloquence of the great orator, he occasionally himself approaches the rhetorical. How strangely modern, by the way, are, by the side of the passages from the orations of Eliot, those from the speeches of Wentworth—a curious illustration of the effect which not only sentiment, but tendencies of thought, exercise upon the style of an orator. Of the political career of Wentworth in this period Mr. Gardiner's account is the most consistent, and therefore the most interesting, with which we are acquainted. Yet we are bound to say that the explanation offered of Wentworth's so-called "apostasy," while logical enough, can hardly be regarded as completely satisfactory. Was his acceptance of the peerage in any sense a sign of reconciliation with Buckingham? In the narrative of the Parliamentary struggle of which the Petition of Right constitutes the most remarkable feature, Mr. Gardiner has, on the other hand, very clearly shown the position assumed by Wentworth. It had not been hitherto known that the proposal of the Petition had been preceded by an attempt to pass a Bill on the liberties of the subject, which would have asserted the principles which the King was asked to accept, without reciting the grievances which had rendered their assertion necessary. The Bill, however, never got beyond Committee; and Wentworth's proposal to substitute a Bill of his own—couched in a form more conciliatory towards the King, although distinctly transferring the decision of

the legality of a committal from the Crown to the Judges—proved equally abortive. It is sagaciously pointed out by Mr. Gardiner that Wentworth's proposal was not necessarily inconsistent with his previously expressed conviction that, under extraordinary circumstances, the King must be entrusted with the power of keeping subjects imprisoned without cause assigned. Apart from the opportunities still furnished to the King by the untouched authority of the Star Chamber, "in those days the communication between the Judges and the Government was much closer than it is now, and Wentworth may have thought that, if special precautions were needed, the King would lay the grounds upon which he proposed to suspend the law privately before the Judges, and thus obtain their consent to the interruption of the ordinary course of justice."

In conclusion, that which strikes us as most noteworthy in this important contribution to English history is the clearness with which the book, as a whole, brings out a fact less habitually insisted upon than the constitutional significance of the Parliamentary struggles of those years. As the downfall of the personal authority of James I. had been due to the central and typical scheme of his foreign policy, so the failure of the foreign policy of Buckingham and Charles I. was an important element in the want of confidence which was the real cause of the overthrow of the Stuart monarchy. For the misdirection of operations it would in any case be absurd to hold the House of Commons responsible; for the inefficient conduct of most of them it can only be blamed if we are prepared to condemn the general view taken by the House of the relations between supply and grievances. If, on the other hand, Parliament not less than Buckingham and Charles began this disastrous period of our foreign policy with that worst of political faults, vagueness of design, it was the Executive alone which closed it with that almost equally fatal fault—blind obstinacy of self-will. The full ascendancy of Buckingham was due to his having constituted himself the representative of the popular feeling which called for the dissolution of the Spanish treaties. No sooner had the "new era" opened than a divergence began which the recklessness of Buckingham sought to bridge by an illusory—doubtless self-illusory—rainbow of ambitious hope. The nation was still animated by an antique feeling, in which commercial instincts and healthy prejudices were—by no means antithetically—mixed, in favour of a war with Spain. Of such a war the theatre must of course be the Spanish coasts in either hemisphere, and, when the season for fleets of precious burden arrived, the sea between. Such a war could, however, effect but little for the recovery of the Palatinate—in the eyes of King James still the sole legitimate purpose for which England ought to renounce the blessings of peace. Buckingham's fatal facility was ready to combine both ideas, adding as an obvious expedient an alliance with France. The negotiations for the French marriage accordingly began. But France in her turn cared nothing for the future of the Palatinate, except in so far as an attempt to recover it would indirectly support her own operations for the recovery of the Valtelline. For intervention in Germany the English Government therefore had either to depend upon the miserable instrumentality of Mansfeld, or to seek further allies. A prince willing and able to head the armies of a real Protestant league, with the objects of which France might have to some extent co-operated for her own purposes and in her own sphere of action, without the risk being run of her becoming the arbitress of the results of the endeavour, might have been found in Gustavus Adolphus. But his conditions were too practical not to seem excessive, and his rival Christian IV. "stood upon shorter ways and less demands." Gustavus Adolphus accordingly postponed action, although the English Government did not abandon the hope of his ulterior co-operation. Thus it was upon the successes of Mansfeld and Christian of Denmark, and upon the prospect of unity of action between England and France, that the issues in which the English Government had interested itself depended.

It seems clear that even in times of an uninterrupted sympathy between Crown and Parliament so doubtful a policy would have failed to inspire the latter with a determination to support the former at all hazards. But the French alliance was never managed in such a way as to commend itself to the favour of Englishmen, or to exhibit a real cordiality of feeling on the part of the English Government towards its ally. The marriage treaty was from the first an object of suspicion to the English people; and the complications resulting from the Huguenot rising proved an insuperable obstacle to the policy which should have been adopted by the English Government. And, after the lamentable Cadiz failure had frustrated Buckingham's hopes of accomplishing a master-stroke on his own account, the differences between the French and the English Courts were increased by difficulties such as have at other times furnished a sure test of the practical sagacity and the politic determination of statesmen. The supposed abuse by French vessels of the neutrality still maintained by their country, the rash seizure of those vessels, and the acts of reprisals in France, were incidents of a class which often make, but never need cause, a conflict. Indeed Richelieu was ready to give the English Government an opportunity of a real alliance, had Charles I. been found ready to abandon the claim to protect "those of the Religion" in his ally's dominions. Charles's refusal to enter into the plans of Richelieu rendered the latter powerless against the friends of Spain, and the treaty of Barcelona signified the end—and something more than the end—of Buckingham's cherished project of an Anglo-French alliance.

If the English people had felt but little sympathy with

the French alliance, what enthusiasm could they be expected to entertain for the war into which they now saw the country beginning to drift? Events in Germany were taking a disastrous turn in the year 1626; Mansfeld was being driven out of the Empire, and Christian IV. was routed at Lutter. Meanwhile a French war was opening, and for what causes? For the sake of the Huguenots of Rochelle, for the sake of a quarrel about contraband, for the sake of a dispute about the Queen's French household. How could such a war commend itself to popular enthusiasm, or to the eager support of a Parliament? The King might excuse his forced loan by circulating the declaration that the counsel of Parliament had led him into his difficulties, but the nation well knew that the Government alone was accountable for the conduct of foreign affairs. The Palatinate had fallen out of view, and on the eve of war against France Buckingham was deluding himself with hopes of peace with Spain. In reality Spanish diplomacy only availed itself of these futile negotiations to enter into closer relations with France.

It is possible, for such are the fluctuations of public opinion, that a gleam of feeling in favour of the policy of Buckingham might have attended a genuine military success. But his genius, or his star, was unequal to surmounting impossibilities, and the expedition to Rhé in 1627, followed by Denbigh's failure in 1628, revealed the futility of the French war with glaring distinctness. In the same year, 1628, the feeble intervention of England in Germany came to an end with the surrender of Stude, and the result of the foreign policy of the last four years could hardly be viewed by the nation in any other light than in that in which Eliot represented it to the House of Commons:—

What waste of our provisions, what consumption of our ships, what destruction of our men have been! Witness the journey to Algiers! Witness that with Mansfeld! Witness that to Cadiz! Witness the next! Witness that to Rhé! Witness the last!—And I pray God we shall never have more such witnesses.—Witness likewise the Palatinate! Witness Denmark! Witness the Turks! Witness the Dunkirkers! Witness all! What losses we have sustained! How we are impaired in munition, in ships, in men! It has no contradiction. We were never so much weakened, nor had less hope now to be restored.

Buckingham indeed still hoped, and Charles still trusted, on. Even after the Duke's death, Charles might, had he understood the policy of Richelieu sufficiently to trust his promise to deal gently with the Rochellese, have obtained satisfactory terms of peace. That this promise was honestly meant is proved by the conduct of Richelieu after the capture. But Charles would not abandon the position he had assumed. His orders to Lindsey to persevere in a really hopeless attempt are among the most significant monuments of his intellectual blindness. The Rochellese surrendered in spite of Charles's determination to relieve them; and the tolerant policy proclaimed by the French Government towards the prostrate Huguenots was, in Mr. Gardiner's words, "an announcement to the world that the war which Charles and Buckingham had urged so pertinaciously had been a mere blunder from beginning to end."

THE DUKE AND THE SCHOLAR.*

WE must confess that we were a little puzzled by Mr. Oliphant's title. But for the words "other Essays," we should have been tempted to think that he had been writing a novel. It would be by no means a bad thing if some one would write a novel strictly following the rules of language laid down by Mr. Oliphant in his book on Standard English; but we are not sure that to write the novel himself would be exactly in Mr. Oliphant's line. But in the *Duke and the Scholar*, so far as it is the Duke and the Scholar with whom the book deals, Mr. Oliphant has lighted on a subject which could not fall more fittingly to any one than to the historian of Frederick the Second. The Duke and the Scholar of whom Mr. Oliphant speaks are two men to whom his own earlier labours owed much, Honoré-Theodore-Paul-Joseph d'Albert, Duke of Luynes, and Jean-Louis-Alphonse Huillard-Breholles. M. Bréholles was the editor, the Duke of Luynes was the patron, of the great collection of the documents of the reign of Frederick, "*Historia Diplomatica Frederici Secundi*," on the title-page of which, besides the name of the editor, we read "*Auspiciis et sumptibus H. de Albertis de Luynes*." At the same time, the opposition between Duke and Scholar is hardly fair to the Duke, as the Duke of Luynes was himself a scholar; he was no mere patron of learning, but was himself a man of real research and knowledge; and, when he did patronize, his patronage was not a mere name, but, as in the case of the "*Historia Diplomatica*," involved no small spending at his own cost. Mr. Oliphant complains that there are not many English noblemen who spend their money in the same way as the Duke of Luynes. It is not likely that there ever should be many noblemen, or many men of any class, in England or elsewhere, who are at once able and willing to do so. It is to be wished that the class was larger, but it is a class which must always be a small one. The more honour then to the man who may be fairly said to have formed a class by himself. Let us give his picture in full, as it is drawn by Mr. Oliphant at the end of his life:—

One word as to his influence upon the world at large. He helped to perfect photography and to make it the handmaid of art. He earned the gratitude of all workers in metal. He threw light upon geology and

* *The Duke and the Scholar, and other Essays.* By T. L. Kingston-Oliphant, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

paleontology by his collections at Dampierre. He paid for the publication of a vast number of documents, upon which must be based the history of France, Germany, and Italy. He kept before his countrymen England as the beacon of the world in matters political. He placed the study of the old Mythology on a sure ground, writing with the depth of a German as well as with the clearness of a Frenchman. As to coins and medals, he was the greatest of all authorities. In Oriental philology, he opened new paths, which must be followed up by others. He took interest in all the discoveries of his time, and himself solved some of the problems of science and art. Unlike most men of learning, who shut themselves up from mankind, he was always ready to take his share in the drudgery of common life, if he could thus help his fellow-creatures. As a student, he knew no end but truth; as a rich nobleman, he rose to his high calling by his worthy conduct and his open-handedness. There was not a month in his life that was not marked by some useful work or some good deed. . . . The Duke, shy and retiring, never sought popularity in his lifetime; but the memoir published after his death by his friend Bréholles will hand down the likeness of D'Albert de Luynes as a rare model of the scholar, the gentleman, and the patriot, all in one.

The founder of the Duke's family, as far as France is concerned, for the Alberti were originally an Italian house, was the Constable De Luynes, in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. This not very creditable forefather was followed by a line of descendants, all of whom seem to have been much better than himself, and which reaches its highest point in the subject of Mr. Oliphant's memoir. Yet Duke Honoré did not fail to cherish a special reverence for the memory of Louis the Thirteenth as the founder of the greatness of his family. That family fared better than most French nobles during the time of the Revolution. The grandparents of Duke Honoré were imprisoned for a while during the Reign of Terror, but they were not driven to emigrate, and they kept both their lives and their estates. The Duke himself was born at Paris in 1802. His mother, the Duchess of Chevreuse, drew on herself the wrath of the first Buonaparte, but of his father we only learn incidentally that he was fat. The Duke himself played a certain part in public affairs. Mr. Oliphant describes him as "a Royalist by family tradition, but a Liberal from his own principles." He sat in the National Assembly from 1848 to 1851. He took a personal share in putting down the revolt of June 1848; in December 1851 he suffered a short imprisonment, along with all that was great and good in France. Mr. Oliphant does not conceal, indeed he brings out with rather vehement indignation, that his hero was not free from the fault which it seems hard for the best Frenchman to escape, a hatred of Italian unity. As a member of the Assembly, he had strongly supported what Mr. Oliphant calls "the blackest of infamies," that is, "the expedition sent out in 1849 by the French republicans to crush their Roman brethren down under a priestly yoke." Indeed it was in the cause of the temporal power of the Pope that the Duke, though, to say the least, not a bigoted Catholic, in a manner lost his life. In 1867 he went in person to help the Pope; he was not present at Mentana, because he reached Rome only on the day of the battle. We cannot blame him for the next day giving his cloak to a wounded man, but the consequences were sad and strange:—

He thus caught a cold, which was little heeded at first; he set out once more to procure documents, which had to be drawn up before monuments in honour of the slain Pontifical volunteers could be raised. He procured what was wanted by patient investigation, but this he did at the cost of his life. What a life to be thrown away in such a cause! Died Abner as a fool dieth!

He is described as having been hitherto inclined to free thought in matters of religion, but he died in full communion with the Church.

Of the life of the Duke of Luynes Mr. Oliphant's memoir gives us many details; details of his studies, of his travels in Europe and in the East, of his collections at Dampierre—collections which he gave to the French nation—his own writings, and the help given by him to the writings of other men; his general encouragement of learning and art, and, not least, the practical good which a judicious employment of his wealth enabled him to do in his own neighbourhood. Setting aside the one political blot which he shares with so many of his nation, the character of the Duke of Luynes is one to be admired by all, to be imitated by the few who have the opportunity of imitating him. One side of his character ought specially to speak to the hearts of Englishmen. Not only was the modern Constitution of England his chosen political ideal, but he seems to have thoroughly understood the history of that Constitution, and to have looked with special reverence on the English worthies of the thirteenth century. A student of the reign of Frederick the Second could hardly fail to have his thoughts strongly drawn in that direction. Our own Matthew Paris, the chronicler of so many stages of our own struggle, may also claim a place among the chroniclers of the great Emperor. We heartily thank Mr. Oliphant for having made us better acquainted with such a man as the subject of his memoir. At the same time, we do not quite understand the principle on which the memoir is put together. Nine-tenths of it, he tells us, "is taken from the *Notices sur M. le Duc de Luynes*, par J. L. A. Huillard-Bréholles. Paris: Henri Plon. 1868." This book Mr. Oliphant hopes that many of his readers will order. It would be well if they do so. Still the relations between Mr. Oliphant's book and that of M. Huillard-Bréholles are not quite satisfactory. Though nine-tenths of Mr. Oliphant's memoir come from M. Bréholles' memoir, yet he has left much untranslated, and by saying that he has added little, he implies that he has added something. Indeed Mr. Oliphant tells us that the most just, but still very strong, censures which he passes on one part of the Duke's political conduct are wholly his own. The memoir is therefore not altogether a translation, and not altogether an original work. In reading the life we do not

know exactly where we are; we do not know how much is Bréholles and how much is Oliphant, a state of things which is always puzzling and unpleasant.

We may make the same remark on the life of Fra Salimbene later on in the volume. Fra Salimbene was a Franciscan of Parma, who was born in 1221, and wrote his memoirs in 1284. He was thus a contemporary of the latter part of the reign of Frederick and of the great events which followed his death in his Sicilian kingdom. His life is therefore, as Mr. Oliphant says, no unfitting appendage to the lives of two men so deeply versed in the history of Fra Salimbene's age as the Duke of Luynes and M. Bréholles. But we do not quite understand the way in which Mr. Oliphant has treated a writer of whom he says that, "of all his contemporaries, none but Matthew Paris and Joinville surpass him in interest." Now in dealing with a writer of this kind there are three ways of setting to work. Mr. Oliphant might have given us an edition of the original text with such commentaries as he might think good; or, if he thought that there was any number of readers who were likely to care for Fra Salimbene in a translation but not to care for him in the original, he might have given us a translation in full. Or he might have made the life and writings of Fra Salimbene the subject of a monograph of his own, with such extracts and references as might be needful. Of these three courses, either the first or the third, whatever we say of the second, would have been useful. But Mr. Oliphant does not follow any of them. What he gives us is a translation; but by his own account—we have not seen the original—it is not a full and exact translation. Mr. Oliphant tells us that he has "ventured to alter the Friar's mode of narrative, which is by no means continuous." Also he "abounds in Scriptural quotations, and his style is rather loose and rambling," while Mr. Oliphant "in translating has tried to be as terse as he can." Now if the translation does not represent the original writer's style and mode of narrative, it is not really a translation at all. If Mr. Oliphant thought himself called on to make such important changes in his author, he would have done better if he had not professed to translate at all, but had told the story in his own words. It is more singular still when he says, "Wishing to keep him" (Fra Salimbene) "in the foreground, I have passed over the characters of Popes and monarchs, wherein he abounds." Now when Salimbene is chosen as a writer of the thirteenth century to illustrate the lives of two scholars who gave special attention to the public events of the thirteenth century, it is certainly strange to leave out his witness to the politics of the time. Mr. Oliphant has given us enough of Fra Salimbene to make us wish for some more. We hear something of Frederick's elephants and leopards, but we should like to hear more from him about Frederick himself. Many of the Friar's remarks on men and things are very curious. He goes to Sens, and there sees St. Louis:—

I was astonished, for I knew that beves of ladies would have come to meet the King had he been passing through Pisa or Bologna, but at Sens there seemed to be no women but maid-servants. Then I remembered that in France none but the middle class live in towns; the knights and ladies live on their estates. King Louis was graceful, spare, and tall, with a face like that of an angel. He came to the Franciscan Convent, not like a king but like a pilgrim, with his staff and wallet of relics; not on horseback, but on foot, followed by his three brothers; he was more like a monk than a knight.

He did not at all like his own city of Parma:—

The Parmesans show no devotion to the servants of God. Therefore I, brother Salimbene of Parma, have been for forty-eight years in the Minorite Order, and have never wished to live among the Parmesans. A city in France, of the size of Parma, would maintain comfortably a hundred Minorites.

We do not know what the word is in the original, but surely Franciscan friars, spouses of holy poverty, had no business to think about being comfortable. We again wish to know what the original is when we read of Arrigo di Pisa, who was "Minister in Greece."

The Life of Huillard-Bréholles is strictly Mr. Oliphant's own. It is put together from personal knowledge, from letters of M. Bréholles, and from materials supplied by his widow. Bréholles was a younger man than his friend the Duke—for it was as friends that the two worked together—being born in 1817. The Duke first set him to work on a translation of our own Matthew Paris, himself writing the introduction. Afterwards he brought out at the Duke's expense a work on the monuments and history of the Normans and the House of Swabia in Southern Italy, and the great "Historia Diplomatica." Bréholles also wrote a crowd of pamphlets and articles on various historical subjects. Mr. Oliphant gives us a pleasing picture of him from personal acquaintance both in England and in France, and we are glad to find that, on the point on which the Duke went wrong, the Scholar stayed right. Altogether this a very pleasing account of a man who well deserves to be remembered, and who in England is less known than he ought to be.

The Duke and the Scholar of the nineteenth century and the Friar of the thirteenth, all hang naturally together. Of the two essays on English history which Mr. Oliphant has added, the second one, "The Long Union between the English Lords and Commons," has a natural connexion with the thirteenth-century study of the Duke of Luynes and M. Bréholles. It is true enough, but it reads as if it wanted further working out. Mr. Oliphant has hardly gone so deeply into these matters as he has into matters of language. Speaking of the reign of Charles the Second, he says:—

Here we may remark that the palm of eloquence must often be given

to the Upper House. The speeches of Danby, Halifax, and Shaftesbury were, I suspect, better worth listening to than anything to be heard in the House of Commons.

This is doubtless true enough; but Danby, Halifax, and Shaftesbury were all of them first peers of their line. It is more to the purpose when Mr. Oliphant talks about Stanleys, Russells, and Cecils in our own day, though here again the only eminent Russell, though of a ducal house, is himself a created peer.

In the other essay Mr. Oliphant seems to have made a point. He there debates the question, "Was the old English aristocracy destroyed by the Wars of the Roses?" He shows that the number of historic houses which actually became extinct through death in the field during those wars was smaller than is generally thought. He counts twenty-seven great "historic houses," by which he means "families which held an earldom in the male line continuously for at least one hundred years, or thereabouts, before the Reformation." Of these fifteen had become extinct before the wars of the Roses began. Of the remaining twelve he counts that nine survived the wars of the Roses, of which three only, Courtenay, Neville, and Talbot, survive still. His conclusion is that "the real bane of the old aristocracy was the jealousy of the Tudors, and the rise of new ideas under the Tudors." He adds:—

Two causes have preserved the old Scottish houses from sharing the fate of their English brethren. The first was the prejudice in favour of heirs male, which would not allow the lands of a noble family to be split up among co-heiresses; the second cause was the practice of allotting small estates to younger sons, whereby the chance of always having an heir male at hand was much increased.

GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.*

TO a large class of readers of all ages and opinions, from children who love to revel—especially towards bedtime—in the enchanting awe of a real "ghost-story" to graver inquirers who take a philosophical, however sceptical, interest in the history of "the supernatural" as a phase of human belief, the title-page of these elegantly printed volumes will promise an abundant feast. The witch-like fingers protruding over the cover, and the mysterious creature, something between a wasp, a bat, and an owl, which flits over its opposite side, may help still further to whet the curiosity and deepen the delightful dread of the youthful believer in ghosts. It is only fair to add that those who are attracted by the first appearance of the book will have no reason to be disappointed on making closer acquaintance with its contents, which amply fulfil the promise of the title. Dr. Lee does not indeed, as we gather from his preface and introductory chapter, write mainly for the delectation of children or the information of speculative critics. He makes no secret of his own profound faith in the reality of the phenomena he is handling, without of course at all professing to claim equal credit for all the startling revelations here recorded, and he considers them to supply an instructive comment on the materialism of the present day. But it is not at all necessary to agree with his conclusions in order to take an interest in the work. He tells us at the outset that it has been his aim to deal with "records and facts" rather than with theories, and we can well believe that he has been engaged during the last twenty years in collecting this copious repertory of "examples of the supernatural," about fifty of which are now published for the first time. It has evidently been to him a labour of love, and he appears to have taken infinite pains to ascertain the most accurate version of the various stories and the precise authority on which they rest. In many cases, as is natural, those who have supplied the materials refuse permission for the publication of their names, from the dread of exposing themselves or their families to ridicule. One very strange account of a haunted house, "an old-fashioned furnished mansion in Cheshire," is given without any names by the brother of its then occupant, who professes to have himself witnessed the apparition described in 1864, from fear of incurring an action at law for damaging the property. But in all cases where names are withheld the editor assures us that he holds himself personally responsible. We may fairly assume therefore that the various supernatural appearances—dreams, omens, and the like—here detailed are so far authentic as to represent the genuine belief of those to whom they are stated to have occurred. And this is something, as it is an indispensable pre-requisite for forming any theory on the subject to have the story traced up to its original form and source. Not that we have any intention of theorizing about it here. We have heard of men of some ability who, after reasoning themselves out of all faith in the Christian revelation or even in theism, have been gradually brought back through a conviction of the truth of "Spiritualism"—to which Dr. Lee devotes two chapters—to a belief in supernaturalism, and eventually to their childhood's creed. Others appear by the same process to have been hopelessly alienated from it, while a large proportion of educated men regard the whole affair as a pure imposture. Into that controversy we need not enter. Nor shall we stay to discuss the vexed question of ecclesiastical miracles, to which the author has devoted a preliminary chapter, and on which it is hardly to be expected that the world will ever come to any general agreement. It is obviously irrational, if we admit the existence of the miraculous at all, to lay down any hard and fast line as to the period at which miracles may be supposed to

have ceased, or to maintain that all which are contained in Scripture are certainly true, and all which are alleged elsewhere certainly false. Protestant writers who have argued from this artificial hypothesis have laid themselves open to an easy refutation, and so far Dr. Newman may be considered to have said the last word in the famous essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles which he first published as an Anglican some thirty years ago, and has lately republished in the new edition of his collected works. No doubt also it is quite true, as Dr. Lee reminds us, that "testimonies to the Supernatural among Christian writers are abundant" from the earliest ages; but it is also true that many Christians have at all times, and not least in our own day, betrayed a voracious appetite for the marvellous which has led them to multiply prophecies and miracles beyond all possibility of intelligent credence, and has often provoked the severe rebuke even of high ecclesiastical authority, as was illustrated last year in a telling pamphlet of Mgr. Dupanloup's. Not that this form of credulity is by any means confined to Roman Catholics, or to those whose theology approximates most closely to theirs. It has distinguished the enthusiasts of almost every sect, from John Wesley to Joanna Southcote.

Passing over the introductory matter, we come to a long chapter on Demoniacal Possession and Exorcism, containing several most extraordinary stories. The author begins by telling us that "one of the most distinguished physicians in London recently assured him that numerous cases both of epilepsy and madness could only be accounted for by the Christian theory of possession." But here, as elsewhere, he is very wisely content to give us his narrative of facts, usually in the exact words of the documents or correspondents quoted, without obtruding his own interpretation of them. It is of course well known that the Church of Rome has always claimed the power of exorcism, and that there is actually an order of "exorcists" among her clergy, though they are not, we believe, ordinarily allowed to undertake their official functions. And accordingly one of the most remarkable stories in this chapter is given in the words of Mr. Peach, a Roman Catholic priest at Birmingham, who relates how he successfully exorcised a Protestant young woman in the parish of King's Norton, Worcestershire, in 1815. What will be new to many of Dr. Lee's readers is that the same mysterious powers are claimed, and are said to have been exercised, by the clergy of the Church of England. One of the canons of 1604 forbids any minister or ministers to attempt to cast out any devil or devils without the express license of the Bishop. And one case at least is on record where this episcopal license was sought and obtained, about a hundred and fifty years ago, by an Anglican clergyman, who narrates the circumstance in minute detail, and vouches for the satisfactory result. The clergyman was the Rev. John Ruddle, Master of the Grammar School at Launceston and Prebendary of Exeter, who obtained his "faculty"—not it would seem without some difficulty—from Bishop Seth Ward of Exeter, "who did himself affix his signature under the sigillum of his See, and deliver the document into my hands." The good Bishop, however, was not without some misgivings about the affair:—"When I knelt down to receive his benediction, he softly said, 'Let it be secret, Mr. Ruddle—weak brethren! weak brethren!'" For Mr. Ruddle's method of operation we must refer our readers to the book. It may suffice to say that he encountered the unquiet spirit "at early morning, for so the usage ordained," that she—for it was a woman—dutifully answered all his questions, and finally "withdrew, gliding towards the west. Neither did she ever afterwards appear; but was allayed, until she shall come in her second flesh, to the Valley of Armageddon on the Last Day."

Another story of a somewhat different kind from the same chapter shall be given as it stands. It is told to illustrate the effect of a curse pronounced by a young lady on her treacherous lover, who had seduced her under promise of marriage, and then deserted her. At their final meeting in the presence of a female relation, on whose statement the story rests, he behaved with great brutality, and at length, after solemnly cursing him, she declared that she should shortly die—as she did five months afterwards in giving birth to her child—but would haunt him to the day of his death. "And you," she added turning to her cousin, "shall be the witness." The story proceeds thus:—

Five years had passed and the female cousin of the old yeoman, being possessed of a competency, had gone to live in London, when, on a certain morning in the spring of the year 1842, she was passing by a church in the west end, where, from the number of carriages waiting, she saw that a marriage was being solemnized. She felt mysteriously and instinctively drawn to look in. On doing so, and pressing forwards towards the altar, she beheld to her astonishment, the very man, somewhat altered and weather-worn, who had caused so much misery to her relations, being married (as on inquiry she discovered) to the daughter of a rich city merchant. This affected her deeply, as bringing back the saddest memories of the past. But, as the bridal party were passing out of the church, and she pushed forward to look, and be quite sure that she had made no mistake, both herself and the bridegroom at one moment saw an apparition of her relation, the poor girl whom he had ruined, dressed in white, with flowing hair and a wild look, holding up in both hands her little infant. Both seemed perfectly natural in appearance and to be of ordinary flesh and blood. There was no mistaking her certain identity. This occurred in the full sunshine of noon and under a heavy Palladian Porch in the presence of a crowd. The bridegroom turned deathly pale in a moment, trembled violently, and then, staggering, fell forward down the steps. This occasioned a vast stir and sensation amongst the crowd. It seemed incomprehensible. The bridegroom, said the church officials in answer to inquiries, was in a fit. He was carried down the steps and taken in the bridal carriage to his father-in-law's house. But it was reported that he never spoke again; and this fact is mentioned in a contemporary newspaper-account of the event. Anyhow his marriage and death appeared in the same number of one of the daily papers.

* *Glimpses of the Supernatural: being Facts, Records, and Traditions relating to Dreams, Omens, Miraculous Occurrences, Apparitions, Wraiths, Warnings, Second-Sight, Witchcraft, Necromancy, &c.* Edited by Rev. F. G. Lee, D.C.L. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

The author adds that the truth of this narrative was affirmed on oath by the lady in question before two Justices of the Peace, one of whom was personally known to himself, at Windsor, in 1848.

From exorcisms it is an easy transition to necromancy and witchcraft, in which we are not surprised to find the late Canon Melville, as well as John Wesley, professing their firm belief. There were indeed, as Mr. Lecky observes, "few writers of real eminence during the period when witchcraft was most prevalent who did not throw their weight into the scale." The present author agrees with them, and appears to share the regret expressed by Wesley at the total abolition of the English laws against it in 1736, though he fully allows that some modification of their cruel severity was required. The Reformation, so far from checking it, gave a fresh impetus to this savage legislation. In one year alone five hundred witches were burnt in Geneva, and stringent laws were enacted on the subject in this country under Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I. A witch appears to have been burnt in Guernsey as late as 1747. Dr. Lee tells us that the Puritans made several unsuccessful attempts to get a form of exorcism inserted in the English Prayer Book. The chapter on Witchcraft, though it contains some very queer and uncanny stories, is perhaps on the whole the least interesting in the book, and that for an obvious reason. Dr. Lee has very properly felt himself precluded from entering on the most characteristic details of this repulsive subject, and even the stories he does give are necessarily curtailed, "certain passages being suppressed by reason of their extreme coarseness." Nobody will blame his reticence, for it is in fact impossible to discuss the theory of witchcraft at all fully except, after the example of the old theologians, under "the decent obscurity of a learned tongue." No such reserve is required in dealing with dreams, omens, and preternatural warnings, which, as the author puts it, "constitute the poetry of history," and of which he has collected several very curious examples. The "Dream of the Swaffham Tinker" is a very old story, and is still, as the present Vicar testifies, widely believed at Swaffham, where the memory of the tinker and his family is preserved in the painted glass and carved choir stalls of the parish church. Far more wonderful is the case of Mr. Williams, of Scorrier House, near Redruth in Cornwall, who, if we may credit the account here given on the authority of his granddaughter, dreamt three times that he saw the assassination of Mr. Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons on the very night that it took place, and described the locality and the persons concerned minutely, though he had never been in London, or seen either Mr. Perceval or Bellingham. But perhaps the strangest of the dreams here related is that of a Mr. Perring, vicar of a parish in the suburbs of London forty-five years ago, who had lost his son, a handsome boy of sixteen, and two nights after his burial in the vaults of the church dreamt, twice running, that the boy stood by his bedside in a shroud spotted with blood, and crying, "Father, father, come and defend me! they will not let me rest quiet in my coffin; they are mangling me." The unhappy father rose very early and went straight to the clerk's house, who, on being roused, stated that the key of the vault was broken and had gone to be repaired, whereupon the vicar insisted on his accompanying him at once to the blacksmith for a crow-bar, as he was resolved at once to enter the vault and see the coffin:—

The recollections of the dream were now becoming more and more vivid, and the scrutiny about to be made assumed a solemnity mingled with awe, which the agitation of the father rendered terrible to the agents in this forcible interruption into the resting-place of the dead. But the hinges were speedily wrenched asunder—the bar and bolts were beaten in and bent beneath the heavy hammer of the smith—and at length with tottering and outstretched hands, the maddened parent stumbled and fell: his son's coffin had been lifted from the recess at the vault's side and deposited on the brick floor; the lid, released from every screw, lay loose at top, and the body, enveloped in its shroud, on which were several dark spots below the chin, lay exposed to view; the head had been raised, the broad riband had been removed from under the jaw, which now hung down with the most ghastly horror of expression, as if to tell with more terrific certainty the truth of the preceding night's vision. *Every tooth in the head had been drawn.*

The young man had when living a beautiful set of sound teeth. The Clerk's Son, who was a barber, copper, and dentist, had possessed himself of the keys, and eventually of the teeth, for the purpose of profitable employment of so excellent a set in his line of business. The feelings of the Rev. Mr. Perring can be easily conceived. The event affected his mind through the remaining term of his existence; but what became of the delinquent whose sacrilegious hand had thus rifled the tomb was never afterwards correctly ascertained. He decamped the same day, and was supposed to have enlisted as a soldier. The Clerk was ignominiously displaced, and did not long survive the transaction. Some years afterwards, his house was pulled down to afford room for extensive improvements and new buildings in the village.

The author adds other and hardly less singular examples, and does not forget to dwell on the great importance attached to his dreams by Archbishop Laud, who was certainly neither a fanatic nor a fool. But for these stories we must refer the curious to the volume itself.

There are many circumstantial accounts of appearances to relations or intimate friends at the moment of death. Dr. Lee gives a full record of the Wynyard and Lyttelton apparitions, the documents for the latter being supplied to him by the present Lord Lyttelton. But the most marvellous story is that of the well-known "Beresford Ghost," or as Dr. Lee calls it, "Apparition." It dates from the close of the seventeenth century or the early years of the eighteenth. In this, as in many other instances on record, two persons had promised each other that, whichever of them died first would, if possible, appear to the other. Lady

Beresford, on her death-bed related the following result to her son and to her "friend," so called in the narrative, but really her granddaughter, Lady Betty Cobbe:—

"I have something," she said, "of the greatest importance to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof and in the same principles of deism. When the friends, into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace Revealed Religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince, were powerful to stagger our former feelings, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions; in this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever died first should (if permitted) appear to the other, and declare what religion was most acceptable to God; accordingly, one night, while Sir Martin and myself were in bed, I suddenly awoke and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside. I screamed out and endeavoured to awake Sir Martin. "For Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "Lord Tyrone, by what means or for what reason came you hither at this time of night?" "Have you then forgotten our promise?" said he; "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you to assure you that the Revealed Religion is true, and the only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you will soon produce a son, who it is decreed will marry my daughter; not many years after his birth Sir Martin will die, and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill-treatment you will be rendered miserable; you will have two daughters and afterwards a son, in childbirth of whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age." "Just Heavens!" I exclaimed, "and cannot I prevent this?" "Undoubtedly," returned the spectre; "you are a free agent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to reveal, but if after this warning you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed." "May I not ask," said I, "if you are happy?" "Had I been otherwise," he replied, "I should not have been permitted to appear to you." "I may, then, infer that you are happy?" He smiled. "But how," said I, "when morning comes, shall I know that your appearance to me has been real, and not the mere representation of my own imagination?" "Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you?" "No," I returned, "I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I will have some stronger proofs of its reality." "You shall," said he, and waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop by which the tester of the bed was suspended. "In that," said he, "you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this." "True," said I, "but sleeping we are often possessed of far more strength than when awake; though waking I could not have done it, asleep I might; and I shall still doubt." "Here is a pocket-book; in this," said he, "I will write my name; you know my handwriting." I replied, "Yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still," said I, "in the morning I may doubt; though waking I could not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief," said he. "Touch would injure you irreparably; it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh." "I do not," said I, "regard a slight blemish." "You are a woman of courage," said he, "hold out your hand." *I did; he struck my wrist: his hand was cold as marble; in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered.* "Now," said he, "while you live let no mortal eye behold that wrist; to see it is sacrilege." He stopped; I turned to him again; he was gone.

The narrative which Dr. Lee gives and which we have quoted agrees in its general facts with the traditionary story current in the Beresford family. But he is mistaken in the Christian name of Lady Beresford's husband, which was Tristram. Their son, Sir Marcus, married Catherine le Poer, daughter of the Lord Tyrone who carried with him the rich dower of the Waterford property, and he was himself made Earl of Tyrone of the second creation. The Marquess of Waterford is their lineal descendant. The name of Lady Beresford's second husband was Gorges. The substance of the story was familiar to us; but we were hardly prepared to find Saul among the prophets in the person of the late Lord Brougham, who tells us in his *Life and Times* how he and a young friend of his, when at the Edinburgh University, drew up an agreement, written in their blood, "to the effect that whichever of them died first would appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the life after death." Some years afterwards, when his friend had long been in India, and their intimacy had entirely ceased, Lord Brougham on getting out of a warm-bath saw him seated on the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, and a letter soon afterwards informed him of his friend's death on that very day.

There are several more of these stories which Dr. Lee has taken so much pains to collect that are well worth reproducing, but we must content ourselves with one of very recent date, to which reference has already been made, connected with the Haunted House in Cheshire. Soon after the family took possession of it in 1862 complaints began to be made by the servants of strange sounds at night, and many of them left in consequence; in the autumn of the following year, a lady staying there on a visit departed suddenly, on account, as she said, of an alarming nocturnal apparition. But the master of the house laughed at the whole affair. His brother thus relates the final catastrophe:—

About ten months afterwards, my brother, having forgotten all about the supposed spectre and the noises, had been out for the day, and returned home in a dog-cart, some time after midnight, in company with his groom. Only the housekeeper had remained out of bed, as his return was quite uncertain. The horse and trap were put up, both the servants had gone to their rooms, and my brother was taking some refreshment in the housekeeper's apartment, by the light of the fire, when all of a sudden, a loud and decisive rap was heard at the door. Thinking, of course, that it was one of the servants, he replied, "Come in." Before the words were out of his mouth, the door opened, and the apparition of the old man in a large wig stood before him. My brother was paralysed with terror for a while. He could not speak; he tried hard, as he says, but his mouth was dry and his tongue motionless. "Good God!" he exclaimed at length, "am I awake or asleep, in my senses or gone mad?" The motionless figure whose face was intensely sad, looked at him beseechingly. "In God's Name, what do you want, or what can I do for you?" "Too late! nothing," was the mournful, but somewhat inarticulate response. And

with that the spectre suddenly vanished away. At this moment a strong, loud, piercing, bitter wail, as of the voice of a woman, broke the awful silence. It seemed to come from the courtyard outside, and was repeated again and again round the upper part of the house. The scream was said to be like nothing human. The servants heard it, my sister-in-law was awake by it, and the groom and housekeeper, with the others, as a consequence, came rushing downstairs. My brother, who is as brave and bold as he is remarkable for common sense, does not now dispute the reality of haunted houses.

A few months afterwards, he and his left. And after he had given up possession, he was informed, on good and credible authority, that tradition confidently asserted the mansion to have been the residence of a disreputable Dutch hanger-on of William of Orange, who is represented to have violently made away with one of his mistresses in that very house, in a room which overlooked the park, now a disused lumber-room, at the east end of the old mansion.

The chapters on Modern Spiritualism, tracing its history from the first origin of Spirit-rapping in the "Rochester knockings," in the State of New York, in 1848, contain a great deal of very curious information. And we should be glad to quote, if we had room, some almost incredible tales of Indian jugglery, which seem to rest on good authority, but which are quite equal to anything in the *Moonstone*. For these, however the inquisitive reader must be referred to Dr. Lee's volumes. We do not profess to be great connoisseurs in this weird species of literature, but we are certainly not aware of any work which affords so copious or well arranged an assortment of materials bearing on the subject. Mrs. Crowe's books are of very inferior calibre, nor is she by any means as careful about giving her authorities. And if Dr. Lee's faith in the supernatural is equally strong, it is more discriminating, and is never so obtruded as to interfere with the enjoyment of a reader who looks at the matter from a different point of view. The typography and general get-up of the volumes leave nothing to be desired, but if a second edition should be called for, it would be a decided advantage to have a fuller table of contents, and a separate heading of the pages for each chapter.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.*

SIR ARTHUR GORDON has been sent to the West Pacific in consequence of the transaction negotiated last October between Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor from Sydney, and King Thakombau. That august name, by the way, though sometimes written Cacobau, is here spelt after its pronunciation in the native tongue. The act of final cession was signed by the allied or subordinate chiefs of the principal islands. Among these was Maafu, the powerful leader, many years since, of an expedition from Tonga which conquered the windward side of the Fiji or Viti group. The Vunivalu of Bau, which metropolitan islet is called Mbau in oral utterance, has solemnly renounced his imperial sway as Tui Viti over that archipelago of questionable renown in the Polynesian and Australasian worlds. He has sent to Queen Victoria the significant gift of his sceptre club, an awful instrument of political rule, formerly used in heathen times to beat out the brains of rebellious subjects. It was latterly adorned with a silver crown, and with silver doves and fern leaves around its shaft, to serve for the mace of a Fijian Parliament. We may now hope that the better omen, implied by this emblematic decoration, for the peace and prosperity of both white and black inhabitants, will be verified in those islands under British government. The provincial Legislatures of Australia and New Zealand seem disinclined to pay the small pecuniary contribution towards the annual cost of that government which our Colonial Office has proposed to levy from each of them. They had often proclaimed it desirable for their interests to procure the annexation of Fiji to the British Empire, which is broad-backed for many such burdens; but they have shrewdly foreseen that the risk of future wars in the new insular dominion, not unlike those with the Maori race, might perhaps entail an indefinite charge on the pledged supporters of its modest exchequer. We trust, however, that such apprehensions may not be realized until Sir Arthur Gordon has had time to organize and to consolidate the infant powers of this most recent addition to the long list of British colonies. His work of administration will indeed be one of considerable perplexity. It is begun under conditions as trying as those of New Zealand when governed by Captains Hobson, Fitzroy, and Grey, some thirty or thirty-five years ago. The Colonial Attorney-General, too, will find plenty of occupation in the legal questions affecting titles to land and terms of labour. It will not be easy to administer the laws among several different races of litigious barbarians gathered from every quarter, and mingled with a motley crowd of foreign adventurers on countless small pieces of *terra firma* scattered far and wide over the sea. But Mr. De Ricci, who has not yet visited Fiji, follows up his publication, some months since, of a pamphlet on the policy of its annexation with a volume in which he has compiled the information derived from travellers and official reporters. His book is loosely put together, but its contents are useful for reference. At the same time, Dr. Litton Forbes, having passed the years 1871 and 1872 in the islands, produces an agreeably written and interesting account of his personal observations. The printer has sadly mispelt the native names, but the book is very readable. These accounts may be advantageously collated with the reports of Dr.

* *Two Years in Fiji*. By Litton Forbes, M.D., F.R.G.S., late Medical Officer to the German Consulate, Apia, Navigator Islands. London: Longmans & Co.

Fiji: Our New Province in the South Seas. By J. H. De Ricci, F.R.G.S., Barrister-at-Law. London: E. Stanford.

Berthold Seemann, the naturalist, who accompanied Colonel Smyth's mission of inquiry in 1860, and those of the Rev. James Calvert and the Rev. T. Williams, Wesleyan missionaries, which are of a yet older date. Our most profitable use of them will be to collect some descriptive particulars respecting the new British Australasian province, which will certainly be heard of now and then, in times to come.

The 180th meridian of longitude may be taken as the line of geographical division between Australasia, which we regard as the south-eastern terrestrial region, and that which is usually termed Polynesia, occupying the middle of the Pacific Ocean. In general, to the west of this line, approaching Australia, the aboriginal race of mankind is of the Papuan negroid type, with crisped or woolly hair; while to the eastward, in mid ocean, it is of the brown or copper-coloured, and its hair is lank. But the latter race of men have invaded many pristine abodes of the former, as on the eastern shores of New Guinea. They are amiable, graceful, lazy, and prone to sexual dissipation. The name of Melanesia is sufficiently appropriate to the West Pacific, in tropical southerly latitudes, with reference to the ashy black complexions of the indigenous native people on most of the islands. These are ugly and not intelligent, but robust and stubborn. The Fiji archipelago, situated between the 176th degree of east and the 178th of west longitude, lies upon the border of two main regions of the globe. The two larger islands, Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, have a population of an Australasian character, while Lakemba and other eastern isles show a large admixture of the lighter-complexioned Polynesian race. There is of course a difference or variation of language, which accounts for the name of the whole group being Viti among the western and Fiji among the eastern natives. Here the Fiji population has been modified by an influx from Tonga and Samoa. But Viti Levu, which means simply Great Viti, lies westward, and claims a political supremacy over the two or three hundred other isles and islets. Its only rival seems to have been found, at one period, in the "Great Land," or Vanua Levu, which is of nearly half its size. The next in dimensions are Taviuna and Kandavu, which have scarcely a tenth the area of the lesser of those two main islands; and Ovalau, a yet smaller one, lying close to Viti Levu, but containing the mercantile settlement and port of Levuka. Twenty or thirty miles south-west of this, on the coast of Viti Levu, is the native capital above mentioned, Bau or Mbau, which became the head centre of a feudal realm by subduing its neighbour, Verata, with the aid of firearms in the hands of an English shipwrecked crew.

This took place in 1803; and the reigning dynasty of Bau, whose peculiar style is Vuni-valu, "Root of War," had asserted its paramount sovereignty by the title of Tui Viti long before Mr. Consul Pritchard's arrival in 1858. King Thakombau, who had already succeeded his father Tanoa, was, however, disturbed by the intrusion of the Tonga chief Maafu, taking advantage of a local feud to gain some footing on the shores of Vanua Levu. On the other hand, Thakombau was assisted by King George of Tonga, at enmity with his kinsman Maafu, to subdue the insurgent chiefs of Viti Levu. Naturally, this dependence on foreign aid was prejudicial to Thakombau's regal authority. He was further distressed about the same time by the peremptory and vehement demands of Commander Boutwell of the United States navy, who claimed an exorbitant compensation for damages to the property of American citizens at Levuka. Since 1871 there has been the mischievous farce of a mock Constitutional Government by and for a gang of European jobbers. From these circumstances, during the past eighteen or twenty years, has grown the necessity for a voluntary surrender of the Fiji dominion to the Queen of Great Britain. It has more than once been offered to Her Majesty's Government, with elaborate formalities, in 1858, attested by Consul Pritchard; and again in 1870, supported by the earnest recommendation of an Intercolonial Conference among the provinces of Australia. The offer, whether of sovereignty or protectorate, was declined upon each occasion. The United States Government likewise refused it. Meantime, the helpless position of King Thakombau's little State, falling into utter imbecility and bankruptcy, was a serious inconvenience to planters and merchants connected with Fiji. In finally accepting the cession, as we have just seen, upon the basis prepared last year by Commodore Goodenough and Mr. Consul Layard, our Government has probably chosen the lesser present and immediate source of trouble. It was no longer practicable, as in 1860 and 1862, when the unfavourable report of Colonel Smyth was acted upon, to ignore the settlement of hundreds of British subjects on those islands, out of reach of British law, or the dim risk of disputes with foreign Powers having commercial interests in the South Seas, and the flagrant abuses of the Melanesian labour trade. By the faithful and courageous discharge of an Imperial responsibility which has till now been shirked, some moral and political benefit may perhaps accrue to England. The Sandwich Islands, the Marquesas, and New Caledonia being in the possession of America and France, a naval station here may suit us. Yet it does not seem likely to be a paying concern, financially at least, while it entails on us rather an anxious and difficult task, though dealing with a comparatively small matter. The aggregate extent of Fiji territory is about equal to the principality of Wales, and its population can hardly exceed 150,000, all told. But if a million or so were some day perhaps to be voted by the House of Commons for the expenses of a Fiji war, nobody ought to be much surprised. It may never come to this pass. Cannibalism is nearly extinct, and tens of thousands of converts are counted by the Wesleyan

missions; but with our national experience of Maori, Kafir, and other barbarian fellow-subjects, in various parts of the world, none of us can safely predict a reign of perpetual peace in those islands. They are, however, more easily traversed and kept in order by the aid of a few gunboats than were the bush-clad ranges of New Zealand, or the stony wilds of South Africa, by regiments of the Queen's army. Dismissing for the time all such foreboding visions of strife, we are pleased to learn from the books under our notice something of the natural beauties and riches of Fiji. The manners and customs of its native people are less inviting; and readers of delicate stomach will not care to learn how the favourite intoxicating beverage is made and drunk.

It is by the twofold agency of submarine volcanoes and of the coral-building insects that the islands have been uplifted to put forth their mighty luxuriance of dark green leafage on the side towards the south-easterly trade-wind, and to spread their fertile open plains on the leeward side, with mountain peaks 3,000 feet or 4,000 feet high at the crests of the dividing ranges. The coasts are fringed with an intricate labyrinth of coral reefs, which render them in some instances difficult of safe approach, but afford the more complete shelter inside for harbour anchorage and for navigation by small craft along the shore. Rivers much larger than could have been expected in so small a country, the Rewa and its tributaries admitting boat traffic for ninety miles, flow through the most favoured districts of Viti Levu. The several lower branches of that river, in its alluvial delta, are connected with each other by a canal, the work of native skill and toil. The scenery also of Taviuni, or Vuna, is described as a marvel and delight of gorgeous tropical vegetation. Dr. Seemann's botanical account of Fiji trees and other plants, both the useful and the beautiful, has been frequently quoted. The coconut palm, the breadfruit tree, many kinds of bananas and plantains, the kavika or Malay apple, and some fine trees with fruits resembling chestnuts and almonds, are native to the soil. Yam and taro roots, with the furinaceous root of the kawai, like a white mealy potato, form the staple food of the people. For the growth of sugar, coffee, tobacco, indigo, arrowroot, and other valuable produce of the clime, Fiji seems as well adapted as any land in the Southern hemisphere. Its suitability to the requirements of Sea Island cotton, that famous long-staple fibre with a silky gloss which is the boast of Savannah and New Orleans, has been recognized during the last fourteen years. Cotton in Fiji is perennial, and bears ripe fruit throughout the year; nor is it exposed, as in America, to be killed by frost. Its culture, indeed, has scarcely yet proved a commercial success, because of the high freights and other hampering conditions of its shipment by way of Sydney. There has been, too, now and then a terrible destruction of the crops by hurricanes. The planters have seldom possessed sufficient capital, free of usurious mortgage debt, to work their estates with advantage. But it seems to be in this direction of colonial industry, with the export of cocoa-nut oil, and the *bêche-de-mer* or sea-slug fishery for Chinese markets, that the future wealth of the new province is likely to consist. No mineral treasures have yet been discovered; gold is not to be expected. There is little to be done in pastoral management; but the forest timber, so long as it may last, will be a commodity of some worth.

The ordinary life and business of the European settlers employed in utilizing the resources of Fiji, and more especially their dealings with the native and imported field-labourers, are fully described by Dr. Litton Forbes. He visited several plantations in different islands, and accompanied the cruise of a small vessel sent to fetch people from Rotumah, which lies four hundred miles northward, for the work of cotton cultivation. His story of a lovely princess and the revenue of a town, offered as the reward of his medical skill, is like a romance. These personal experiences, with the result of his inquiries concerning the labour-traffic all over Western Polynesia, led him to the conclusion that the abuses of that system were much exaggerated. Nine-tenths of the hands brought to Fiji are procured, in his judgment, fairly and honestly; though frequently embarked under compulsory orders of their despotic chief, who gets a substantial bribe. It is admitted, however, that in some notorious instances people have been entrapped on board or kidnapped in a variety of ways the iniquity and cruelty of which cannot be excused. But such malpractices are nowise essential to the system. It may, under wise and strict regulations, be rendered most beneficial to the whole of that oceanic world. No better civilizing process for the many diverse and remote groups of little islands can be devised than the voluntary engagement of their young men, under a four years' hiring contract for reasonable wages, to serve English masters in Fiji or in Queensland, with due legal provision for their good treatment and their safe return home. The law of Queensland on this subject is shown by Mr. De Ricci in an appendix to his book. We were assured by the Marquess of Normanby, when he was Governor there, that it was tolerably well observed. The new Governor of the Fiji Islands, unhindered by a local Parliament, and being also Consul-General for the West Pacific, will have the needful official authority to put this matter altogether on a satisfactory footing. Some clauses in the Pacific Islanders Bill now before Parliament are to give him jurisdiction over British subjects in the islands that are under no civilized rule. For the sake of Australasian and Polynesian interests, beyond those of this petty cluster of land-patches recently added to the British Empire, we trust that Sir Arthur Gordon will achieve a success.

THREE FEATHERS.*

AFTER one has read one or two works of a novelist nowadays, one takes up the next which appears with a certain dread. Authors of various styles and merits who have once made their mark discover that they can trade for a long time upon what they have done, unless their subsequent work is downright bad; the public gets accustomed to a particular name, and is willing to applaud the most indifferent as well as the most striking works to which that is affixed. It is small wonder that many writers accept the easy terms offered them by a public which will not go to the trouble of judging a book on its merits; and it is the greater pleasure, therefore, to meet with a writer like Mr. Black, who has more desire to produce work which shall be really good than to serve a different purpose by constantly manufacturing novels as a tailor does coats. In speaking of Mr. Black's last romance, the *Princess of Thule*, one blemish upon many beauties of the work was observed—namely, an apparent hurry and carelessness towards the end, which led to the introduction of meaningless complications and characters. It is pleasant to find that there is no such fault to be found in the *Three Feathers*. In this book, as in the former one, there is lively incident, true insight into character, a soft pleasant humour, and over all the rare charm of a style clear, strong, and sunny as a mountain stream. A girl's character is, as before, the most attractive in the romance; and the idea of Wenna Rosewarne left upon the mind at the conclusion of the book makes one long to meet her in actual life. At times, indeed, her extraordinary meekness and submissiveness are in danger of becoming irritating; but the impetuosity and the pride in her shown by her sister Mabyn are always at hand to correct this impression. Some readers will no doubt find fault with her for accepting a man with whom she is not in love; but it commonly enough happens that a girl who has not learnt what love is makes such a mistake; and if one does not agree with Wenna's views, one is at least bound to respect the tenacity with which she is disposed to keep her promise, even after she has recognized how rashly she made it. Most people's sympathies, however, will go with the impulsive Mabyn, when she says to her mother:—

"If you are in love with somebody else, what's the good of your keeping the promise? Now, mother, won't you argue with her? See here. If she keeps her promise, there's three people miserable. If she breaks it, there's only one—and I doubt whether he's got the capacity to be miserable. That's two to one, or three to one, is it? Now will you argue with her, mother?"

Having plunged thus into the midst of the story, we must say something of the characters and events with which it deals; and this is a task which one rather puts off, because Mr. Black's work is of that delicate quality that loses more than any other in description. Wenna Rosewarne, the central figure of the romance, and Mabyn her sister, are the daughters of a man who was formerly a steward on a large estate, and is at the time of the story the proprietor of an inn in the little Cornish village of Eglosilyan. It is a peculiarity of Wenna that, with her gentle frankness and goodness, she has a great influence among the rough fisher-folk who make up the village; she is constantly doing good both out of her father's house and in it, where she is the invariable soother of domestic troubles, which pretty often arise. Of the strength and influence of her own character, and of her other attractions, she herself is profoundly unaware; she regards herself as a girl whose plainness and insignificance must always come in the way of whatever efforts she makes to be of use in the world. So does not Mr. Roscorla, however, regard her. He is a man who, having reduced a never vast income to a small amount by a careless town life, has come to live in Eglosilyan, where he has a small cottage. The author's description of Mr. Roscorla's early life—he is at the time of the story "a man approaching fifty, careful in dress and manner, methodical in habit, and grave of aspect"—is admirable throughout. Here is one bit which might be taken to heart by young men about town of all periods:—

Of course he dressed, and acted, and spoke just as his fellows did, and gradually from the common talk of smoking-rooms imbibed a vast amount of nonsense. He knew that such and such a statesman professed particular opinions only to keep in place and enjoy the loaves and fishes. He could tell you to a penny the bribe given to the editor of the *Times* by a foreign Government for a certain series of articles. As for the stories he heard and repeated of all manner of noble families, they were many of them doubtless true, and they were nearly all unpleasant; but then the tale that would have been regarded with indifference if told about an ordinary person, grew lambent with interest when it was told about a commonplace woman possessed of a shire and a gaby crowned with a coronet. There was no malice in these stories; only the young men were supposed to know everything about the private affairs of a certain number of families no more nearly related to them than their washerwoman.

Mr. Roscorla imagines naturally enough that the presence of Wenna in his cottage would greatly brighten his monotonous life, and he sends her a letter, a model of composition in its way, containing a proposal of marriage, pointing out how often the passion of love-matches burns itself out, and how safe and constant a thing the affection of a steady person like himself is sure to be. But the shrewdest point which he makes is the suggestion of the comparatively infinite means of doing good which will be at her disposal if she becomes his wife. That the picture which under the influence of this artful suggestion she draws of herself as Mrs.

* *Three Feathers*. A Novel. By William Black, Author of "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Heth," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

Roscorla should be touched with pretty colours is only natural, the more so because she is accustomed to think herself a person of little account. It is not strange certainly that, as she sits thinking over Mr. Roscorla's offer, with scraps of an old song floating in her head, she should make to herself pleasant views of the future:—

For what did the frank-spoken heroine of that sailor-ballad say to her lover? If he would be faithful and kind,

*Nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll make.*

As for his grog, would she mix the proper quantities, as they sat together of an evening, by themselves, in that little parlour up at Basset Cottage? And would she have to take his arm as they walked of a Sunday morning to church, up the main street of Eglosiyan, where all her old friends, the children, would be looking at her? And would she some day, with all the airs and counsels of a married woman, have to take Mabyn to her arms, and bid the younger sister have confidence, and listen to all the story of Mabyn's wonder and delight over the new and strange love that had come into her heart? And would she ask Mabyn to describe her lover; and would she act the ordinary part of an experienced adviser, and bid her be cautious, and ask her to wait until the young man had made a position in the world, and had proved himself prudent and sensible, and of steady mind? Or would she not rather fling her arms round her sister's neck, and bid her go down on her knees and thank God for having made her so beautiful, and bid her cherish as the one good thing in all the world the strong and yearning love and admiration and worship of a young and wondering soul?

And it is not strange that she should end by accepting Mr. Roscorla, to the surprise of some people, and to the infinite disgust of two persons, her sister Mabyn and Harry Trelyon, the young squire. Harry Trelyon, like his forefathers, is a young man of a violent and headstrong temper. When he hears of Wenna's engagement, he resolves to give her a dowry of five thousand pounds, "so that she shan't come to that fellow in a dependent way, and let him give himself airs over her because he's been born a gentleman." On the refusal of his mother to help in what she reasonably enough calls an act of folly, he has a horse saddled, and announces that he is going "To Plymouth first, to London afterwards, and then to the devil." To the first two of these places he does make his way; to the last he does not. But he meets Mr. Roscorla in London, and carries out his plan of dowering Wenna by lending her proposed husband the sum which he had intended for her to invest in his Jamaica estates. While these two are away in London together, Wenna's state of mind becomes a little less contented and happy than it had been. She takes a walk one starlit night by the sea:—

She could not tell what wild and sad feeling this was that had taken possession of her; but she knew that she had suddenly fallen away from the calm content of the wife that was to be—with all the pleasant sensation of gratitude towards him who had honoured her, and the no less pleasant consciousness that her importance in the world, and her power of helping the people around her, were indefinitely increased. She had become again the plain Jim Crow of former days, longing to be able to do some indefinitely noble and unselfish thing—ready, indeed, to lay her life down so that she might earn some measure of kindly regard by the sacrifice. And once more she reflected that she had no great influence in the world, that she was of no account to anybody, that she was plain, and small, and insignificant; and the great desire in her heart of being of distinct and beautiful service to the many people whom she loved, seemed to break itself against these narrow bars, until the cry of the sea around her was a cry of pain, and the stars looked coldly down on her, and even God himself seemed far away and indifferent.

"If I could only tell some one—if I could only tell some one!" she was saying to herself wildly, as she walked rapidly onwards, not seeing very well where she was going, for her eyes were full of tears.

But such fancies have vanished before Mr. Roscorla returns. He brings with him an engaged ring, a gipsy ring studded with emeralds, which stone Mabyn has craftily persuaded Wenna to choose. For Mabyn remembers an old rhyme which says—

*Oh, green's forsaken,
And yellow's forsworn,
And blue's the sweetest
Colour that's worn!*

Having brought about the acceptance of a ring with a green stone by Wenna from Mr. Roscorla, Mabyn regards the engagement which she detests so much as practically broken off, for "how could any two people marry who had engaged themselves with an emerald ring?" Soon after this incident of the ring Mr. Roscorla, who has learnt that by going out himself to Jamaica he may greatly improve the income from his possessions, goes away with a view to carrying out this idea. He has made some attempt to persuade Wenna to marry him before he departs, but the notion startles her so much that he soon abandons it; and when he is once well out of sight, Mabyn exclaims with delight, "Hurrah! the horrid creature is gone, and he'll never come back—never!"

The "horrid creature" does come back, but finds the aspect of affairs considerably changed since his departure. The spring has come, and brought with it new colours to the sea and sky, new warmth to the air, and, before it has passed away, new knowledge to Wenna. Harry Trelyon has been constantly meeting her and her mother, and has been very attentive to them. He gets some very good advice on this subject from a cousin of his, who concludes an address full of common sense by asking him "How would you like to go and ask her to break her promise to the gentleman to whom she is engaged?" :—

Master Harry laughed aloud, in a somewhat nervous fashion.

"Him? Look here, Jue; leave me out of it—I haven't the cheek to talk of myself in that connexion; but if there was a decent sort of fellow whom that girl really took a liking to, do you think he would let that elderly and elegant swell in Jamaica stand in his way? He would be no such fool, I can tell you. He would consider the girl, first of all. He would say to himself, 'I mean to make this girl happy; if any one interfere, let him look out!' Why, Jue, you don't suppose any man would be frightened by that sort of thing!"

When Harry makes this speech he is staying at Penzance, where also Wenna is staying with her mother, who is there for her health's sake. There are plenty of opportunities for meeting afforded by this state of things, and of one of these Harry avails himself to speak out his mind. His confession brings to Wenna's conscious and acknowledged self only self-reproach that she should have laid herself open to hearing such a declaration. The real state of her heart is, however, clear enough to the reader, if not to Harry himself. Shortly after this both Harry and Mrs. Rosewarne become aware of it, and Wenna is forced to acknowledge it herself. As they drive by the sea Harry springs out of the carriage and into the waves to save a drowning boy. Wenna screams to him to stop, and on her mother looking horror-struck, "Oh, mother!" she cries, "it is only a boy, and he is a man—and there is not another in all the world like him."

What happens after this, what course Wenna and Harry adopt, how Mr. Roscorla's return complicates matters, and what is the final result, readers may be left to discover for themselves. It remains to add that the characters are consistently kept up from beginning to end, that the interest never flags, and that the descriptions of scenery, which are never obtrusively put forward, are as true and poetical in this novel as they were in the *Princess of Thule*. Here is a specimen, a description of Tintagel:—

They went down and along a narrow valley, until they suddenly stood in front of the sea, the green waters of which were breaking in upon a small and lonely creek. What strange light was this that fell from the white skies above, rendering all the objects around them sharp in outline and intense in colour? The beach before them seemed of a pale lilac, where the green waves broke in a semicircle of white. On their right some masses of ruddy rock jutted out into the cold sea, and there were huge black caverns into which the waves dashed and roared. On their left and far above them towered a great and isolated rock, its precipitous sides scored here and there with twisted lines of red and yellow quartz; and on the summit of this bold headland, amid the dark green of the seagrass, they could see the dusky ruins—the crumbling walls, and doorways, and battlements—of the castle that is named in all the stories of King Arthur and his knights. The bridge across to the mainland has, in the course of centuries, fallen away; but there, on the other side of the wide chasm, were the ruins of the other portions of the castle, scarcely to be distinguished in parts from the grass-grown rocks.

Not the least happy thing in the novel is the changing and softening of Harry Trelyon's character under Wenna's influence, which is pictured in a delicate and masterly manner. The minor personages are as lifelike as the more important ones, and in many of them, as in General Weekes, there are touches of unaffected humour which come in with a pleasant effect. One leaves the *Three Feathers* with real regret.

THE MOLTKE NARRATIVE OF SEDAN.*

THERE are certain battles in history of which it may be unhesitatingly said that they were lost before they were begun. We are not speaking of those few desperate combats recorded as so honourable to the losers, where resolute men have set their faces against great odds, prepared to do or die, or at any rate not to yield till the last spark of hope was utterly gone out. The instances we refer to are those in which two armies have met, all cheerfulness and animation and courage on the one side, all despondency, sullenness, and hesitancy on the other. These rarely occur, save where the opposed forces have lately encountered each other under such circumstances as to establish a very decided advantage on one side over the other. The Americans invented a much-needed word when they described the condition of beaten soldiers in hurried retreat as "demoralization." What they thus named is found no less, but in a more chronic and disastrous form, in the weaker party at the close of a campaign where the advantages have hitherto all gone against it. Generals may then wave their swords as before; officers may respond with the shout to advance; the music of the various corps taking up their positions may Bray out as martial sounds as on the first day of hopeful entrance into hostilities. But the spirit that was then behind these outward symbols of confidence is wanting. The feeling which in the men takes the form of indiscipline, or of a dull and heartless performance of the order given, communicates itself to the higher spirit of the officers in the form of despondency. And it is only exceptionally great leaders, or generals peculiarly ignorant of the sentiments of those they lead and therefore peculiarly incompetent for leadership, that are kept from sharing the general influence. Of the class of actions we are speaking of, those fought by Soult against Wellington at the close of the Peninsular war were perhaps down to our own time the most noteworthy examples history had recorded. For in these the genius and force of character of a single chief was left to stem alone the otherwise resistless tide of superior numbers, elated by repeated victory, and led by a general who, as a pure tactician, has had few rivals in the world. Soult, however, though he did wonders with his conscripts, could not work miracles; and the extraordinary and apparently reckless tactics by which his last position of defence was wrested from him at Toulouse—tactics which on a mere critical view of the ground may seem the very madness of battle—were perfectly justified in the English commander, because he felt that the hour had come when the bulk of the opposing army had ceased to become formidable at all, however carefully posted or well led.

But of all such hopeless struggles Sedan must now stand out as

* *Der Deutsch-französische Krieg 1870-71, von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des Grossen Generalstabes.* 1^{ster} Theil, Heft 8. Mittler: Berlin.

the pre-eminent type. There was absolutely not one single element on the side of the French which could justify the smallest expectation of success. Outnumbered by two to one; rudely surprised and beaten in the running series of actions that had occurred two days before; one of its chief officers publicly superseded not many hours before the fight; badly placed for the tactical use of such ground as it could occupy, and threatened with the speedy loss of its sole line of retreat, a circumstance of itself often fatal to morale—under such conditions, the first problem that forces itself on us in reviewing the utter defeat of the French army naturally is, what could its chief have meant by his resolution to stand here at all?

MacMahon had had much experience in war. He could not have been unaware what had heart for fighting was left in his men by the events of the 30th of August; the surprise of De Failly's Corps, the involving of Douay's in its ruin, the withdrawal of Ducrot's from the march eastward on Carignan—to the French soldiery the apparent beginning of a general retreat—before a mere chain of cavalry squadrons and light guns. His information had by no means been so deficient as was at the time supposed; for he had been made fully aware from Paris of the former positions of the Crown Prince's (Third) Army to his south or right flank as he moved, and of the Saxon Prince's in front of him upon the Meuse. Did he really think that the hostile forces that were seen in every direction on the 30th were nothing but the mere cavalry detachments which the unhappy De Failly had at first sight declared them to be, or at most but fragments of this new Meuse Army? and was he ashamed to turn his back on what might prove but a vanguard of the foe hurried forward to trick him? Or did he believe that retreat by the only route known to be open, short of Belgium, that through Mézières, had become so perilous, with the enemy near the flank, as to be useless as a means of carrying off the mass of his troops? Did he fondly hope that the road forward through Carignan, which he had just abandoned, would reopen at his will and allow him to take up the march so rudely interrupted? Or was he so weary of his whole position, hampered by the presence of his unhappy Emperor, worried at every turn by impracticable telegrams from Count Palikao's bureau, that it seemed the only soldierly solution to turn and do his best where he stood, accepting the position as one forced upon him by circumstances, and trusting to some chance of tactics for almost unhopèd-for victory? The true answer to these questions lies, we believe, deeper than in the pages of the book before us. Count Moltke's able assistant has one, drawn direct of course from the well-known *Enquête Parlementaire*, where the Marshal stated that he would have taken a positive decision early on the morning of the 1st September but for the misfortune of his wound, and indicated that at that hour he considered it was still open to him to push forward on Carignan, sacrificing the relics of his shattered Vth Corps, now under General Wimpffen, to cover the march. But Count Wartenleben, or the higher authority that inspires his pen, has thrown a reasonable doubt on this design as seriously contemplated. He seems to infer from an unopened order, captured later, but supposed to have been written about daybreak, that the French were intended to be held motionless the whole day, in order to let them recruit their strength, and allow the enemy to develop more plainly his forces and design. All this, however, rather states the facts preliminary to the battle than solves their mystery. For that depends on such unknown factors as the view which the Marshal took of his adversary's means in this vicinity, and the influence which this view had on his own mind. Usually one of the frankest of men, MacMahon has on this point been marvellously reticent; and no one without the revelation can complete the story. All that the critic may accept as certain is that there was some huge mistake in the French general's strategic judgment; for the most desperate of chiefs, had he known the truth, would never have willingly fought, as it was fought, the battle of Sedan. To stand so near to neutral territory as apparently to have some thought of using it, and yet to allow his force to be cut off from it; to await quietly the attack of an enemy so greatly superior that he could safely use the manœuvre, untried since the day of Cannæ, of throwing his two wings forward and completely enclosing the weaker army as in a net; to let him carry on undisturbed the previous operation necessary to his end of advancing his left wing across the wide stream of the Meuse, thereby getting it within gunshot of the only passage that remained for extrication from peril and dishonour; and to lose for the French the hours that sufficed him to draw his toils completely round them, under the blind notion that the choice would then still be open to let "the whole army rest for the day" (so ran the words of the captured order); to suppose that these errors were committed with a consciousness of the impending odds, is to suppose MacMahon willing to sacrifice the last hope of France to the most inglorious fate that an army of 100,000 men could have to suffer. Some thoroughly false conception of the state of the case as regarded Bazaine's immobility; some delusion that the Crown Prince and his five army corps were still pressing on towards Paris, leaving the Meuse Army on guard alone; some lingering belief, it may be, in the old impenetrability of those Argonne hills once so fatal to Brunswick, which increased cultivation and improved roads had made a bugbear of the past, no more applicable to 1870 than the smoothbore muskets of Valmy—all these together, or a part of them at least, must be supposed. In short, MacMahon's judgment must be for ever condemned, and that decisively, if we could exonerate his temper and his heart from the responsibility for the huge disaster.

And this condemnation is not spared by the German annalist,

so favourable usually to his fallen enemy. We read it in the very opening sentences of the Part before us:—

That the enemy should, with such unfavourable conditions of place and position against him, accept a battle was not to be expected. On the contrary, it was anticipated that he would seek to withdraw from the nearly complete investment of his army in any way he possibly could; were it by the rapid continuance of his movement of retreat on Mézières, or by a sudden breaking out in the direction of Carignan, or in the last resort by withdrawing over the Belgian frontier.

So, long before dawn of the 1st September, Count Moltke and his assistants were busily preparing to meet each of these contingencies as far as possible.

The first was so much the most obvious policy for the French that the German leader's attention was directed chiefly to it on the evening of the 31st. Yet, as the enemy was approached, indications not to be mistaken were gathered which told that he had as yet no such prudent design. The railway station at Donchéry, the point where the Crown Prince's Prussian troops (the Bavarians being held more to his right to menace Sedan) were to cross the Meuse, was naturally seized early. The books were ransacked instantly, and disclosed the important fact that troops that very day had been hurried forward from Mézières to Sedan, while only empty waggons had returned to the former fortress. Hence it was concluded that MacMahon might still be bent on pushing on with the march that had certainly for two days been stayed. But Count Moltke felt his advantage over his adversary already, and concluded that in either event—a movement, as now supposed, east, or, as at first thought, west—"there were sufficient German forces standing ready to meet and repel it." In fact, while the Bavarians, who formed the centre of the grand converging line, had the Meuse to cover them, and the works of the lines beyond to watch lest the French should break out south, the XIth and Vth Corps were closing on the Donchéry passage, with the Würtemberg division on their left covering them effectually in flank and threatening Mézières; and on the other side of Sedan the whole of the Saxon Prince's three Corps were now concentrated eastward of the place within easy distance of the Carignan road, and ready for the fight, even with the whole French army if needful, as was natural in troops which had taken a leading share in the great success won two days before.

So complete, in short, had been the orders given after the success of the 30th, so thoroughly did they lead the army up to the necessary position, that no fresh instructions were needed until it became clear, rather late on the 31st (it would have been well to have given the exact time), by a report from Colonel Brandenstein, who was reconnoitring south-east of the town, that the French were preparing to abandon their baggage and make a forced retreat on Mézières. That officer had observed the continuous rearward march of Ducrot's corps from the Carignan road, and, disbelieving with his comrades that MacMahon could contemplate battle, thought that this must be part of a general movement to the west. Count Moltke upon this thought it necessary to hurry the passage of the river with his left; and before 10 P.M. the Crown Prince at Chémery received orders to pass some of his force across that night. Preparations had been already made for crossing at Donchéry at early dawn. So far as the Vth and XIth Corps were concerned therefore, it was only necessary to rouse and hasten them; and all accounts are agreed that the spirit of the men was now so high that any possible exertions might be freely called for. But the Crown Prince did more than this. Mindful, it may be, of the vast results gained for Prussia by his own direct communication with Prince Frederick Charles in that other fateful hour of modern German history, the evening before Sadowa, he took the step of inviting the Saxon Prince to co-operate, by an early advance on his side, in the great events of the coming day; a call which was answered by the complete issue before 2 A.M. of orders for the whole Meuse Army to press forward. Yet the Crown Prince had not trusted to this alone, but, whilst moving his Prussians on Donchéry, gave command to the Ist Bavarians to occupy the centre and left of the French at all cost, even should the Meuse Army not be found coming up to their aid. Thus it came about that before daybreak three corps (the Guard, IVth, and Saxon) were moving in the darkness to attack the French from the east, slowly and with difficulty of course, but yet intent on the advance which they felt must lead to certain victory. Two more (the Vth and XIth) were crossing at Donchéry, covered in the movement by the advance of the Ist Bavarians close up to the Meuse on the great bend between that village and Sedan. The IInd Bavarian Corps alone, forming the pivot of the whole, were nearly motionless south of Sedan, where the low ground, exposing them to the fire of the place, naturally kept them till the last from advancing, their duty being to guard against a daring stroke on the centre across it.

As to the French army, when the morning broke on it, the four corps of which it was composed were in the positions assigned to them at the close of their fatal movement of concentration. Lebrun and Ducrot, with the XIIth and Ist respectively, were in rough line facing south-east and east of Sedan. Douay with the VIIth was posted similarly outside the place on the Floing heights, looking west and north-west, and so nearly back to back with the former. The luckless Vth Corps, now under Wimpffen, which had never seen the foe during the campaign except when surprised by him, lay between these two lines as a sort of reserve, the bulk of it lying high on a well-known old camping ground just out of the fortress on its north-east corner. It is only necessary to state these circumstances plainly in order at once to show how widely

of the truth MacMahon judged his situation to be, and how fraught with ruin that situation already was: Perhaps the happiest circumstance that could have occurred for the Marshal's reputation was his own dangerous wound, suffered almost as soon as the first guns of the enemy came into action.

(To be continued).

RIBOT ON HEREDITY.*

THE question of heredity, looked at from the psychological side, is full of interest at the present time. To show that all kinds of mental phenomena are hereditary, to determine the exact scope and limits of hereditary transmission, will be a necessary preliminary to a scientific discussion of the hypothesis of evolution. No reflective student of the subject can fail to see that, in the absence of direct evidence for the evolutionary genesis of new species, the best argument for its possibility is the fact that all kinds of individual modification, both physical and mental, tend to be transmitted and rendered permanent. It is clear, too, that a scientific discussion of the nature and extent of mental heredity is a desideratum in the interests of future psychology. It is curious to note what a number of fundamental questions in mental science connect themselves with this problem of heredity. We may just refer to the theories of intuitive forms of thought and of volitional spontaneity, both of which receive new light from the facts of heredity. It was, therefore, with much interest that we looked forward to a treatment of mental heredity by a writer who had already proved himself a careful student of the most recent psychology. In his work on English Psychologists M. Ribot manifested, in addition to a commendable diligence in study, considerable acuteness in criticism. His new work will do much, we think, to deepen the favourable impression left by the other. The author has evidently spared no pains in making himself master of all the literature of his subject. He refers with equal facility to French psychologists, to German metaphysicians, and to English psychologists and biologists; and one of the chief merits of his work is to be found in the bringing together and the comparing of different and often widely divergent theories on the subject. If the results to which M. Ribot's arguments conduct us are not quite as precise as could be wished, this may no doubt be attributed in part to the essentially obscure and inaccessible nature of the phenomena.

The order of discussion adopted by the author is indicated in the title of the work. After a brief introductory sketch of physiological heredity, M. Ribot proceeds in the first part to collect and classify all the ascertained facts of mental heredity. In the second part he seeks to carry up these facts into their laws, both theoretical and empirical. After this he discusses in the third part the causes of mental heredity, endeavouring to connect its laws with wider laws of biological phenomena. Finally, in the fourth part, he traces out certain consequences of heredity of more or less practical interest. Each of these divisions of the subject presents highly interesting material for consideration, and the author's mode of treatment, which possesses some of the best characteristics of French exposition, illustration, and criticism, imparts to the discussion considerable literary attractiveness.

In dealing with the facts of heredity, M. Ribot confines himself to illustrations of heredity in the popular sense of the term—that is to say, of the transmission from parent to offspring of individual, as distinguished from specific, characters. It is of course perfectly correct to speak of "specific heredity," by which each individual of a species derives the general features of that species, and M. Ribot further on distinctly recognizes this process as a variety of heredity. Yet this operation is too regular and self-evident to require illustration, while all the associations of the word "heredity" prepare the reader for a consideration of the transmission of characteristics which are limited, whether to families or to nations. Possibly a fuller definition of heredity at the outset, as the author purposes to deal with it, would render his plan of treatment more easily intelligible. In grouping together instances of mental transmission, whether of intellectual or of moral peculiarities, whether of tendencies which may be esteemed normal or of such as must be deemed abnormal and morbid, the author shows both a large command of facts and considerable discrimination in the selection of real as distinguished from apparent facts. Many of the instances of the inheritance of peculiarities of sensibility, of emotional instincts, and especially of all kinds of morbid peculiarities, such as hallucination, hypochondria, and presentiments, are exceedingly curious, and cannot fail to interest the reader. In some few cases only should we be disposed to question the unambiguity of the facts classified under heredity. Thus, to cite but one example, is it not a little hazardous to ascribe the gipsies' inveterate dislike to civilizing influences to heredity exclusively (p. 116), when it is probable that the persistent isolation of the race is encouraged, and in a degree enforced, by the severest forms of traditional coercion? The whole upshot of M. Ribot's induction from facts is that all modes of mental activity, from the dim semi-conscious instincts up to luminous reason itself, are susceptible of hereditary transmission, the cases of the reappearance of mental peculiarities in the same line being too numerous to be accounted for as mere coincidences. The cumulative argumentative effect of M. Ribot's well-marshalled facts will probably make itself felt to all impartial

minds. After a perusal of this first part no intelligent person will be likely to doubt that mental heredity in all its varieties is not only a possibility, but an ascertained fact.

Facts are only of value to the man of science so far as they are a clue to some general law. Let us inquire, then, how M. Ribot proposes to interpret the phenomena of heredity which he has collected so carefully. Upon the answer to this question will depend our estimate of the author's success. We will confess that in the discussion of the laws he strikes us as being scarcely so thorough and exhaustive as we had been led to anticipate. He seems to us here to grow a little weary of the restraints of strictly inductive inquiry, and to wander rather freely into the regions of the theoretical and the hypothetical. By a considerable leap he arrives at the conclusion that heredity is a universal rule, and must be fulfilled in every case, even where its influence cannot be detected. Now, that the facts of individual transmission, coupled with those of specific transmission, show that all characteristics, physical and mental, can be inherited, is indisputable. But this is rather a meagre result of a careful and scientific study of heredity. What one wants to know is, when, and under what conditions, a quality is thus transmitted, and to this inquiry M. Ribot is unable to give even a hypothetical answer. He holds that, since both parents tend to transmit their individual characteristics with varying degrees of force, the result must always be uncertain. He reminds us, too, that the phenomena of atavism and reversion show that the problem is still further complicated by the possibility of mediate and remote ancestral influence. But M. Ribot is hardly sanguine enough to suppose that all individual variations of character can be spoken of as the algebraic sum of parental and ancestral influences acting under certain unknown conditions—so that the child of this year inherits the peculiarities of its mother rather than of its father; of the mother when young rather than when old, and the disposition of a certain ancestor, say a great-grandfather, rather than of all others; whereas the child of next year receives its mental stamp from quite other influences. He admits that much may be due to external influences acting during the embryonic stage of individual existence, though he attaches (why, he does not tell us) but little value to causes acting after birth. He has some good criticisms on Mr. Galton's essays in statistics; yet he fails to see that such generalizations, though leading only to empirical laws, are of value as serving to determine the average frequency of the recurrence of certain modes of mental power. M. Ribot is very hard on Buckle for refusing to accept heredity as a scientific fact. But though Buckle was unreasonable in seeming to maintain that all similarities between one generation and another might be explained as coincidences, he was thoroughly reasonable in urging that we should know not only how often there are hereditary talents, but how often such qualities are not hereditary. In other words, what is wanted is to determine when and under what circumstances qualities are transmitted. Possibly the obscurity of the phenomena will for ever forbid our ascertaining this point; but clearly, till it is determined, at least approximately, there can be no scientific doctrine of heredity. Heredity is, after all, but a single law, which fails to explain everything. In our moral no less than in our physical structure, we seem to be the products of heredity, together with a vast number of other influences which we cannot yet ascertain. The tendency to individual variation, which cannot as yet be resolved into the mere compound result of an indefinite number of hereditary influences, is quite as patent a fact as heredity itself, and just as necessary a factor in a scheme of evolution. M. Ribot argues very forcibly against the theory of individual spontaneity, which teaches that the individual tends to vary for mere variation's sake, so to speak. Of course no scientific man who speaks of a tendency to deviate from the type means by this a process wholly uncaused and inexplicable. Still the causes of variation may be so multitudinous and obscure as for ever to evade detection; and in this case heredity, in the narrow sense of transmission of individual peculiarities, will always remain for us something eccentric and accidental.

In dealing with the causes of mental heredity, M. Ribot follows in the wake of most recent psychologists who regard mental phenomena as universally conditioned by physical antecedents. In approaching this question he could scarcely fail to touch on the metaphysical problems underlying the connexion of mind and body. Although M. Ribot is deeply imbued with the modern scientific spirit, he is no less evidently impressed with the most recent developments of metaphysical thought. Hence he enters very fully into the ultimate significance of the material and the mental, and he discusses both the materialistic and the idealistic theories of real existence. He argues rather ingeniously that heredity is incomprehensible on the idealist theory, by which he means the absolute idealism so prevalent in Germany. We suspect, however, that a Hegelian would not accept M. Ribot's statement on this point as adequate. Hegelianism has known how to accommodate itself to other doctrines of positive science, and there seems to us nothing in the nature of mental transmission which is unsuceptible of interpretation by the formula that all phenomena, mental as well as physical, are the results of the movement of absolute thought. But M. Ribot, though he rather likes to coquet with metaphysical problems, continually reminds us that science must not be controlled by *a priori* theories of existence; in point of fact, his own reasonings are directed to a just and truly scientific mode of explanation. On this sure ground he finds it easy to show that physiological heredity must be the cause of psychological heredity, rather than conversely.

* *Heredity: a Psychological Study of its Phenomena, Laws, Causes, and Consequences.* From the French of Th. Ribot. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

In the concluding part, which deals with the consequences of heredity, M. Ribot has much to suggest that is interesting and valuable, though perhaps he hardly takes a firm grasp of the whole subject. It seems surprising that he wholly passes by what is certainly the most interesting and important practical question connected with heredity—namely, how far it should be recognized in social action. Can an advanced society be ever justified in taking measures for the gradual extirpation of corrupt breeds, whether radically diseased in body or in mind? The author has little difficulty in dealing with the subjects of caste and nobility, since the transmission of valuable distinctions is known to be very uncertain. But there is no doubt about the transmission of certain physical infirmities and moral defects, and any adequate discussion of the practical consequences of heredity should include the momentous problem how to deal with these. M. Ribot devotes considerable space to the question of free-will as affected by the doctrine of heredity. It strikes us that the double attitude of mind, the positive and the metaphysical, which he habitually displays leads him here into a certain ambiguity, or at least indecision. He sees clearly enough that free-will and heredity are, *prima facie* at least, antagonistic. His metaphysical proclivities do not allow him to reject free-will as a fiction, and he seeks very ingeniously, making use of ideas supplied by Wundt, Schopenhauer, and Von Hartmann, to lay a foundation for individual spontaneity, as opposed to the current theory of determinism, in the dark unconscious depths of "character," which constitute the unknown element in volition as well as the ground for the consciousness of the ego. He then proceeds to inquire whether this "personal factor," as Wundt names it, can be accounted for as the result of heredity, and, failing to establish this, he falls back on the conclusion that free-will is a noumenon, and therefore insoluble. This is not very satisfactory from a purely scientific point of view.

In concluding our notice of this interesting and suggestive volume, we are glad to be able to speak of a marked improvement in M. Ribot's English, whoever may be its real author. As compared with the *Contemporary English Psychology*, the *Heredity* presents itself as a really English book. There are, it is true, one or two unidiomatic expressions which might be corrected in a future edition; and perhaps it might be desirable to dispense with the superfluous vowel to which we are indebted for the rather grotesque hypothesis that everything in the external world may be explained by emotion (p. 389). But, in spite of a few of these tiny blemishes, the language is clear and well chosen, so that the reader easily forgets that he is perusing a translation.

PETTIGREW'S HANDY BOOK OF BEES.*

ANY one who chose might of course as easily take up his parable against bee-keeping as against poultry-fancying, and show that, with all the perils of wind and water, of disease, and of civil war in their gates, to which the bees are liable, it is better and cheaper to buy your honey than to be bothered with hives. There is, however, evidence to show that bee-keeping is really an industry capable of enormous extension, and that too by labouring folk, to whom, if they only possess method and perseverance, bee-culture assures at least a fair profit, taking one year with another. Mr. Pettigrew, the author of this *Handy Book*, has proved the practicability of his theories so successfully that since the date of his first edition he has in many parts of Great Britain revolutionized apiculture; and he writes with the authority of an hereditary bee-keeper, for his father was a labourer in Lanarkshire who kept bees with such results that his dwelling at Carluke, near Hamilton, got the name of the "Honey Bank." And a good bank it was to him and his children; for he not only made as much as 100*l.* in a season by his bees, but also saved enough to rise in life, and start as butcher and publican on his own account. His example seems to have been infectious in his family and neighbourhood; to which circumstance, no doubt, we owe the practical details of the business which we now wish to set before our readers. When one reflects upon the boundless flower-field of which the bee has the run in this country, and the countless millions of pounds of honey wasted, through lack of industry like that of its producers, on the desert air, and further learns that bee-keeping, so far from being costly or needing expensive contrivances, consists less in newfangled appliances than in methodical watching and attention, it is impossible not to regret that more is not done in this way.

It is not generally known, we suspect, that hives do not require a particular aspect, or the eye of the sun, or the cunning construction of a Chinese puzzle in the shape of a dwelling. They prefer a sheltered corner, no doubt, with an open front, and at some distance from a pond, for their greatest risks are from wind and water as they return home heavy laden with spoil; but if the pasture is good, bees will thrive wherever they are placed, and they have wits enough to make the most of any position. The old-fashioned straw hive is very much the best, and Mr. Pettigrew has here the weight of Mr. Quinby, the fitly named American apiarist, entirely on his side; though in pooh-pooing the bar-frame hives, and other such inventions, he is not so old-fashioned as to close his eyes to structural improvements in the straw-hive,

or to any additional means of harvesting his honey. There is one caution as to site which might not strike every one. Whilst it is naturally desirable to have your colonies or hives within a convenient distance, it is bad to have them too near each other. Each hive, it seems, has its own peculiar smell, which is the bond of union to its inmates; but if hives get too near each other (e.g. within six feet) this bond is lost, and the wise bee-master is very particular in averting such a contingency. Although it might be possible to overstock a garden or parish with hives, so as to reduce the produce were a fashion to set in for bee-keeping, or were the district exceptionally deficient in materials for honey, it needs but a glance at the world of flowers to see how unfailing, ordinarily, is its supply. A twenty-acre grass field sprinkled with flowers of white clover yields to bees 100*lb.* of honey at least every fine day, and the same extent of heather in flower gives 200*lb.* And white or Dutch clover is known to the bee-man as yielding from its flowers the clearest and most lovely honey of all the flowers of the field, honey from heather-blossom being, as one might expect, darker and more strongly flavoured. It is, in fact, peculiarly *grouse*y. It is easy to see from these two facts that Scotland is naturally a great honey country, owing not only to its heath, but also to the greater quantity of clover-seed laid down with grass there. Where, however, there is much sheep-farming, there is apt to be less field for honey, as the sheep nibble the clover blossom short off, and there is also a drawback to clover in that it is affected by cold nights (p. 42). But again, the *Sinapis arvensis*, or field mustard, a most prolific weed with a yellow flower, lasting for a considerable time, is a first-rate bee food, and the honey gathered from it is clear and soon crystallizes. The bean-flower is also wonderfully rich in honey, so deep set, however, that the bees are said to need the humble bees' help in extracting it. Mr. Pettigrew argues from the absence of these in many places where the thick walls of the bean-flower are none the less pierced for honey, "that the jemmies of our honey bees are used," however difficult the task, "for breaking them." It will be seen, then, that the four blossoms we have named would furnish abundant bee-wealth, to say nothing of the crocus, the hyacinth, the gillyflower, and the flower of fruit-trees. It is Mr. Pettigrew's belief that there is heather enough in England (query Great Britain?) for all the bees in the world. And there are the forest trees, too; the maple, the sycamore, the lime. Honey literally lies on the flowers of the second of these, and does not simply drop from them; and as to the lime, who can ever forget the summer scent of the tree in flower, or the music of the bee at work on it? The Lithuanian honey, said to be purest and most quickly gathered, is almost wholly due to the lime forests. Virgil's old Corycian, whose few acres were unfit for either ploughing or pasture, was a great bee-master:—

And first the bubbling honey-comb to press,
For times he had, and pine-trees numberless.

And we have no doubt that wherever there is a lime grove or avenue it is the owner's own fault if he has not honey in abundance for himself and his friends.

It is scarcely within our scope to notice much of our author's first part, which is occupied with the natural history of the bee, and which is as interesting in its way, and we doubt not as sound and trustworthy, as the more scientific treatises of Huber and of Kirby and Spence. Here the young naturalist will find all that it is generally necessary to know about the queen bees, the drones, and the workers; the birth, ripening, fertilization, and endless hatching powers of the first; the—in all senses but one—purposeless life of the second; and the never-sleeping energies of the third, a class which does all the drudgery, and has not only the hardest, but the shortest life of it—namely, nine months, as contrasted with the queen bee's term of four years. Here, too, he will see how, while a queen takes but fourteen days to hatch into a bee-princess, a worker is twenty-one days in the cell, and a drone twenty-four. There is no luck about the bees' house without a queen regnant. The queen bee's value to the community may be judged from the fact that she lays 2,000 eggs and odd per day during the season. It is some compensation to the working bees—if they resemble other communities—that they, and not the queen or the fine gentlemen drones, are the real governors of the hive, settling the royal succession, preparing and rearing the successors, dethroning and banishing superannuated sovereigns. It is they too who countermand the orders for swarming, and in other respects resemble very much the ministers of a limited monarch. The whole mystery of swarming is so curious and so incapable of brief analysis that we commend the chapters upon it, whether in the first or second part of this volume, to the special study of the practical reader, merely observing that in the author's judgment and in that of the American authority we have already named, the "non-swarming system" is more hazardous, less profitable, and more liable to the incurable pest of "foul brood" than the old fashion of "swarming."

The strong point of Mr. Pettigrew's experience, and his claim to be accepted as an improver of intelligent apiculture, lies in his substitution of large hives for small. The adoption of the former has enabled many bee-keepers to double their profits, and given an impulse to bee-keeping in their neighbourhoods. Whereas in several English counties hives used to average in size twelve or thirteen inches in diameter and nine in depth, with a yield at most of from 35 to 45*lb.* of honey, in Mr. Pettigrew's native place the weight of swarms runs from 100 to 150*lb.* each, and the heaviest swarm at Carluke in 1866 was 148*lb.*; in

* *The Handy Book of Bees: a Practical Treatise on their Profitable Management.* By A. Pettigrew. Second Edition, Revised and Improved. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

1868, 168 lb. Mr. Pettigrew put forth at the time of his first edition three queries to bee-keepers, and in chapter 14 of the present work he tabulates the answers. These queries relate to the size of hives, the date of the first swarm, and the weight of the same in a good season. He is led to the conclusion that in such a country as Devon the use of large hives would double or treble the swarm weight. Is then the success of Carluke wholly due to large hives? Not wholly, he replies, but in the first instance. Large hives are the basis of it; superior management the superstructure. If a queen bee lays 2,000 eggs a day in the season, and a small hive has only empty cells enough for 500, 1,500 eggs must be destroyed, eaten, or cast out daily, at a great waste of population, honey, and swarms. It is as if, argues our author, a farmer's wife should go on expecting large eggs from bantam hens, or as if her husband should attempt to haul and plough with Shetland ponies instead of Clydesdale horses and Suffolk punches. Doubtless, as he adds, apiculture is a much smaller affair than agriculture; but it is sufficiently remunerative to justify this reform in the size of hives, if it takes three common English hives to hold as much honey as is contained in one Carluke hive, and three or more to hold enough bees to gather it in an equal space of time (p. 51). The sizes which Mr. Pettigrew would recommend are 18 inches by 12 and 16 inches by 12, or, as he thinks still better, by 14 in each case. Two sizes are better than three, as involving fewer sizes of boards and *supers*. These latter, it must be explained, are the *caps*, as they are sometimes called, which in fine seasons are used to furnish a supplementary upper story at the top of the hive, out of which there should be a central hole of four inches width. From the crown of one of these *supers*, to which, as a decoy, bits of clean white drone-comb are nailed before placing it on the hive top, a slight ladder is planted to the top or crown of the hive. Bees ordinarily build downwards, and so in good seasons the weight of honey is not dwarfed for lack of space. *Ekes* are similar devices of enlargement from below, and *nadirs*, the exact opposites of *supers*, as going beneath and not above beehives; in other words, an empty hive is pinned under a full one. The best *super* is a glass contrivance with a moveable top, but otherwise not unlike a "cloche" or a stilton-cheese cover.

Mr. Pettigrew is a thorough Briton, and as such wary of foreign inventions, unless they approve themselves to his common sense. He sticks to British bees, in spite of the fashion for Ligurians. He holds by straw hives, unshaken by the new "depriving" or humane inventions. As to shape he prefers flattish crowned hives with an opening for a *super*, and a lid to cover it when this is not needed. For getting a great weight of honey he prefers the *eke*, which will make a hive of 18 x 12 into 18 x 16, or 4,000 inches of cubic space—not a whit too much for the laying powers of a queen bee to fill. The best hives, it is added, are those with the fewest complications, and whereas wooden hives have a great tendency to absorb the moisture of the bees, and to rot speedily, there is nothing, we gather from Mr. Quinby, equal to straw for straining moisture out of hives. One of the more amusing chapters of this Handy Book is that which details, with no small flourish of trumpets, Mr. Pettigrew senior's barter of a gill of whisky for a grand secret of fumigation with an Irish peasant. A bit of old corduroy or fustian makes as effective and a less dizzy stupefier than tobacco smoke for the honey bee, and this without injuring its health or stopping its work above a few minutes. The importance of some such fumigator is great when a *super* is full and has to be cut off from the hive, and brimstone rag, which is more convincing, is at the same time more dangerous to bee-life. For artificial swarming, too, fumigation is a great help—a discovery, which our author does not claim for his father, but ascribes in the main to a writer named Bonner, eighty years ago; and as, with artificial swarming, you can take off four swarms single-handed in an hour, and further choose your own time of day, when there is a prospect of continued fine weather, it is obviously a great advantage to bee-keepers. "Other favourable views of the advantages of artificial swarming," we read, "could be presented here; but we think that the fact of its answering as well as natural swarming, and that it can be done in a few minutes at any time of the day, are sufficient to convince every earnest bee-keeper of the folly of waiting and watching day by day for swarms coming off naturally." Mr. Pettigrew has also a forcible and convincing chapter on the feeding of bees in cold weather. The outlay of sugar bought from April to August to keep the bees alive may daunt a novice in bee-keeping, but it is unwise to give in. Liberal food repays itself in the long run. The average profits of each hive in Carluke during five years was 3*l.* per annum a hive. The appliances for feeding are discussed and some of them approved in pp. 113-114. Mr. Pettigrew does not seem to be satisfied with the instruments patented for pressing honey from combs, or with the American Slinger, or "Honey Extractor," which could cast the *clover-honey* from the combs by the action of centrifugal force, but failed to do so with the *heather-honey* (139), which is less clear and liquid. Yet we must not let our readers go away with the idea that our bee-master is altogether old-fashioned. We will conclude our notice of his handbook with an extract which slays with one blow two or three old wives' fables:—

Nothing should be put in hives intended for swarms but cross-sticks and guide-combs. Ignorant people often wet their insides with sugared ale, or sugar and water, a most foolish practice. Another foolish practice, and a widespread one, is to make a great effort to induce swarms to settle by drumming on kettles and frying-pans, thus producing artificial thunder, to frighten the bees from all idea of flying away. Sand and soil are thrown up among the bees to make them believe it rains. Such artificial thunder and rain have no influence whatever over a swarm of bees. It is supposed

by some that in ancient times these noises were made to intimate to neighbours that a swarm was on the wing, believing that the noise gave the owner a legal right to claim and hive the swarm wherever it alighted. Fortunately swarms almost always settle near home for a short time before they seek a more abiding habitation elsewhere; but when they have decided to go to a distance, and have commenced their march, nothing will stop them. We have known one or two fugitive swarms shot at. The poor fellow who shot said, "If I can hit and bring down the queen, the bees will return." He was right enough in his ideas, but unfortunately he missed the queen, and lost his swarm.

This last piece of folly seems almost past credence, and only worthy of "scholastics"; but what will our garden-helps say to a writer who disbelieves in the virtue of "tanging" the bees?

JILTED.*

THIS novel is more like those in fashion thirty years or so ago than like those of our own more immediate day. Style and subject are both of that rollicking kind which found its favourite expression in Charles Lever's books; and the padding is of a character as far out of date as the rest. Addresses delivered to imaginary Eugenios and Matildas, the story stopped that an illustration of the present position of affairs may be drawn out of the life and doings of the typical Sempronius and Clorinda, an unmistakable echo of Thackeray and a dash of Theodore Hook, are not according to the latest fashions of light literature. But, though we think all these digressions and soliloquies emphatically mistakes in art, we cannot deny that *Jilted* is a very fair and amusing bit of froth. Making no pretensions to high aims or serious meaning, it fulfils the end for which it was written—namely, to amuse—with creditable success; and though we might ask why such a book should be written at all, and think that the powers of the author might be employed on something higher, yet, as we must have frothy literature, it is as well to have it pure, and sugar-plums not rendered attractive by poison count as gain at a time when so much fatal trash is afloat.

The gravest exception that we have to take to this book is the character of the hero, Charlie Hargrave. He is confessedly an idler and a fop, boastful and vain, and silly, but he is supposed to have underneath all these superficial follies a fund of honourable feeling and true nobility of character by which his faults of youth and inexperience are neutralized. And we confess we cannot see it. We think he presents himself in the beginning of the story as an insufferable coxcomb, and we fail to detect a truer ring as he goes on. He has, indeed, no opportunity for displaying the nobleness which we are to believe underlies his nature. He does nothing but forget Pauline for Conny, and Conny for Theresa, and forgive the gross rudeness of the latter when he finds out her motive. To be sure he shows a touch of sentiment and softness when he hears the history of his fellow-clerk, Spratling; but his coxcombriness needed a more potent solvent than even this, and we wish the anonymous author had put him through a few real trials so that his character might have had occasion and opportunity for showing itself in its best phases. There is nothing to try him in that ridiculous episode of his first reception at Updown, where Uncle Dick lives. He is received in the shrubbery by his cousin Theresa, whom her father familiarly calls Teazer, by the word "Halt!" "uttered in a loud, clear, imperious female voice"; and the next instant a pistol shot passes so close to his head that he pulls off his hat expecting to find a hole in it. This is only the beginning of the mystification to which he is exposed. The man-servant, an Irishman, instructed by this same young lady who receives her guest by firing a pistol at his head, considers him a madman and treats him accordingly. He never takes his eyes off him during dinner, and at night, always by Theresa's orders, he enters his room twice, to pull down the blind and keep the moonlight, so fatal to lunatics, from coming on to his bed. When her father asks Theresa to sing, as it seems she can do well enough when she likes, she begins "Cease, rude Boreas," which she sings like a maniac. When she knocks down the music-stool and Charlie stoops to pick it up again, she whispers angrily, "I am accustomed to help myself, thanks," and sets it "upright with a smart bang"; when he offers her his arm for dinner, she sweeps her dress away from him and exclaims in a low tone, "When I want a crutch, I'll buy one; I have still the use of both my legs, thank God!" We can scarcely wonder that the French-bred handsome young fop makes this unspoken remark on her proceeding:—"She may have a handsome person, but I'll be hanged if she hasn't the soul of a kangaroo." Which, on the whole, we think hard measure for the kangaroo. All this is utterly absurd—past the limits of comedy and into the regions of "screaming farce"—a caricature, not a portrait, of any human society possible at this time in England. And indeed, were it possible that any young lady could have so behaved herself for the purpose of disgusting a nominated suitor for her hand, as Theresa is made to do, she would certainly not be of the kind to develop later into the charming, frank, graceful girl who wins Charlie Hargrave's heart as easily as a man puts on a new glove after pulling off an old one. There were a thousand ways of repelling an unwelcome lover brought down to come, see, and conquer, beside the outrageous eccentricities formulated by Miss Teazer's historian—ways which would have been amusing enough, but would have left her ladyhood and self-respect untouched; and they would have signified her determination not to be bought and sold at command far more impressively than methods which degrade her to the lowest depths of vulgarity, which reduce the story to an unnatural farce, and

* *Jilted; or, My Uncle's Scheme.* 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

which leave the cousin in doubt as to whether his uncle's house is not a lunatic asylum in disguise and its inmates more or less maniacs with too much liberty.

The materials out of which the story of *Jilted* is constructed are of the flimsiest and thinnest kind possible. A young man who has been brought up in France on the lean rations of pride, idleness, and a major's half-pay, is invited to England by his Uncle Tom, a banker, to mount an office-stool, learn the mysteries of banking, and be the subject of a scheme which, if it succeeds, is to make everybody happy and everybody rich. When he arrives he finds that his uncle owns a very pretty golden-headed daughter, by name Conny, to whom it is her mother's wish he should make love, but not her father's—Charlie's marriage with his daughter not forming part of the scheme Uncle Tom has arranged. Conny, too, has other designs for herself, connected with a certain clerk in the establishment—a man with black frizzy hair, a pigeon-pie chest, wearing a ring on his forefinger, and bearing the appropriate name of Curling. While her cousin, Charlie Hargrave, the hero and narrator of the story, is making hot love to her, Conny is carrying on a secret correspondence with this Mr. Curling; and during Charlie's absence at Updown, where he is treated with such marvellous ill-breeding by Theresa, also a cousin, she elopes with her beloved of the pigeon-pie breast, and so gives the *coup de grâce* to the young man's moribund fancy. For the weathercock he calls his heart veers round to Cousin Theresa as soon as he is out of the immediate presence of Cousin Conny; and as Cousin Theresa returns his passion, the scheme devised by Uncle Tom, and approved of by Uncle Dick—Theresa's father—prosperes as it was intended, and succeeds without further hitch. Charlie marries the Teazer, and is made a partner in the bank, as is also Theodore Curling, who thus falls emphatically on his feet when he elopes with the pretty daughter of his employer, offending every prejudice and destroying every hope the parents had entertained. This is the whole story of the three volumes, which thus it is easy to see are not overweighted with material.

We think it likely that *Jilted* might make a good play. There are just the right number of characters and the right number of scenes for the stage; and very little would be required to make it into an acting drama as it stands. Condensing the dialogues, and omitting the reflections, descriptions, soliloquies, explanations, and all other forms of padding, the thing would be done; with perhaps a better telling of the story than is given now by the three volumes of letterpress in which it is buried. Broad farce at all times needs acting to make it endurable. Presented as a fictitious representation of everyday life, its extravagance is too apparent, and it is more likely to irritate the reader than to amuse him. On the stage it excites a laugh, just as the grimaces of a clown or the misfortunes of pantaloons excite a laugh; but we should not be amused if we were only to hear of the extravagances of a pantomime. A farce is more dreary reading than a Blue-book. We can say nothing about the characters of *Jilted*, for the character-painting is as thin as the story. They are all machine-made, well-worn specimens, known by heart. The father of the hero, Major Hargrave, is a handsome mask, labelled Deportment. He dyes his hair, lives in France, and has fine manners. Uncle Tom, the banker-father of Conny, is a shrewd man of business, with a good heart; Uncle Dick is in person the John Bull of the caricaturists, in nature a gentleman, in manners a clown, in education a scholar; Cousin Conny is fair-haired, blue-eyed, soft, seductive, and deceitful, but not bad; Theresa is tall, virile, straightforward, noble, and a thorough woman, despite her masculine outside; the hero is a handsome fop; Mr. Curling is sly but not dishonourable; O'Twist, the Irish servant, the stage servant with additions. Out of these lay figures not much of real human interest can be made. Nevertheless, the book is pleasant in its own light way, as diversion for an idle hour; and as such we accept it without carping at a want of seriousness to which it does not pretend, or a want of purpose at which it does not aim.

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| 1867 | 1019 | 278,695 | 8,220 | 319,440 |
| 1869 | 778 | 266,956 | 10,155 | 363,001 |
| 1871 | 858 | 333,579 | 10,125 | 428,599 |
| 1873 | 750 | 336,755 | 10,258 | 494,456 |
| 1874 | 878 | 310,725 | 10,610 | 533,101 |

EXAMPLES OF BONUS-DECLARATION 1873.

| Amount Assured. | Premiums paid. | Bonus added to Policy. | Amount Assured. | Premiums paid. | Bonus added to Policy. |
|-----------------|----------------|------------------------|-----------------|----------------|------------------------|
| £1,960 | £131 | £70 | £500 | £28 | £19 |
| 1,000 | 102 | 55 | 150 | 15 | 9 |
| 600 | 64 | 37 | 100 | 9 | 5 |

GEORGE SCOTT FREEMAN, Secretary.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London.
Invested assets on December 31, 1873 £5,485,748
Income for the year 1873 507,284
Amount paid on death to December 1873 9,556,739
Forms of proposal, &c., will be sent on application to the Office.

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1807. (For Lives only.)
79 PALL MALL, LONDON.
Premiums and Interest £450,983
Accumulated Funds £5,024,108
Also, a Subscribed Capital of more than £1,500,000.
The Annual Report of the Company's state and progress, Prospectuses and Forms, may be had, or will be sent, post free, on application at the Office or to any of the Company's Agents. Expenses of management considerably under 4 per cent. of the gross income.
GEORGE HUMPHREYS, Actuary and Secretary.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE,

LOMBARD STREET and CHARIING CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1782.
Prompt and Liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.
GEORGE WM. LOVELL } Secretaries.
JOHN J. BROOMFIELD }

LONDON and SOUTHWARK FIRE and LIFE

INSURANCE.
Chairman.—**HENRY ASTE, Esq.**
CHIEF OFFICE.—73 and 74 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1803.
1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 & 17 PALL MALL, S.W.
CAPITAL, £1,600,000. PAID-UP and INVESTED, £700,000.
COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.—Provide against the Losses that follow by taking a Policy against Accidents of all kinds, of the **RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY,** the Oldest and Largest Accidental Assurance Company.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.

Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or 64 Cornhill, and 10 Regent Street, London.
WM. J. VIAN, Secretary.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE.—**NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.**
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.
Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.
For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.
Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.
J. THOMSON, Chairman.

FOR THE COLD BATH, &c. &c.

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ROUGH TOWELS

CAN BE ORDERED (PATENT.)
THROUGH HOSTERS and DRAPERS, &c., EVERYWHERE.
See the words "J. & J. Cash's Patent Rough Towel," woven on each.